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OUR heartiest congratulations to Harvard University! It has come back into its own and redeemed its good name, for its overseers by a unanimous vote have overruled President Lowell and reasserted its historic position, declaring that there shall be no racial discrimination in the oldest and greatest of our universities. That makes the heavens of American democracy seem a great deal brighter! That Negro students are to have their place again in the freshman dormitories is particularly grateful to us because the campaign against this attack on a noble Harvard tradition began in the office of *The Nation*. To Roscoe Conkling Bruce, the colored Harvard graduate, who dared criticism and notoriety by publicly demanding for his son the rights all freshmen are entitled to, and to the *World*, which first printed his letters, we extend our special congratulations. Mr. Bruce has served his country and his university well. The news that there is to be no anti-Semitism at Cambridge will go around the world and will reestablish the prestige of the university wherever right-minded men and women dwell. Finally, we cannot commend too highly the spirit and fairness of the report of the Committee on Selective Admission appointed to deal with the whole subject. It has not only fearlessly turned down the proposals of President Lowell, but has made a constructive contribution to the whole subject of the limitation of university attendance.

WE have never had much sympathy with the Englishmen who inquired by what right Americans took such an interest in the affairs of Ireland or India, parts of the British Empire. We see no reason to set national limits to one's sense of justice. And we have just as little sympathy for those super-American Americans who protest against Lord Robert Cecil's visit to America in the interest of the League of Nations. We do not agree with Lord Robert, but we are glad to have him plead his cause with all the power which his arguments can command. He comes, as did M. Clemenceau, with whom we agreed even less, openly and aboveboard, on behalf of a policy which he holds dear. There is about him nothing of the stealth of those war-time propagandists who, in reality paid agents of their governments, moved about among us ostensibly as lecturers on art and literature. Concealed propaganda is one thing and straightforward debate another. The world cannot drop back into the age that preceded the telegraph and the radio; today an execution in Moscow stirs all Christendom and a massacre in India excites Islam and Christendom alike. Somehow we have a vague recollection that even Senator Reed and Mr. Hearst, who are now leading the hue and cry against Lord Robert, have had something to say about events in other countries than their own.

LORD ROBERT CECIL'S draft treaty of mutual guaranty is printed in our International Relations Section this week. It is an attempt to meet by treaty those fears for France's security which are said to be the cause of France's running amuck. In substance it provides that in case of war the Council of the League shall determine which state is the aggressor and that the various signatory states shall then blockade the offender and put a specified fraction of their military forces under a joint command. The guaranty is limited to states voluntarily signing the agreement, and applies, in so far as the use of land forces is concerned, to European states only in case of war in Europe, to American only in America, Asiatic in Asia, and African in Africa. Such a treaty of guaranty, if generally ratified, would have a certain moral effect, but the plan obviously rests primarily upon the coercive use of force, and Lord Robert himself says that force is no remedy. Without real physical and moral disarmament treaties of guaranty are worse than nothing, because they may mislead people into believing that something really has been done. Further, the moral authority of the League Council as an impartial judge of aggression has been grievously impaired by its own ratification of Polish acts of violence in Vilna and in East Galicia, and by its aloofness in the Ruhr dispute. One wonders, too, what line between Germany and France would be guaranteed—that held by the French today, the Rhine, or the real frontier. Lord Robert also suggests frontier zones demilitarized under the auspices of the League—a proposal which has an unfortunate ring in days when the French annexationists, content with the League's work in the Sarre, are suggesting that the Rhineland also be detached from Germany and placed, demilitarized, under the "protection" of the League.

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ENGLISH novels have helped to produce in American minds a pleasant picture of the lot of the British farm worker; we have visualized him as an amiable, cap-touching yokel, with simple wants and an air of respect toward the squire and his family, living in comfort if not in ease on the broad acres of an ancestral estate. Intellectually, we may have realized that this was a fancy picture; now the time has come to supplant it bodily with another less attractive one. For the British farm worker, organized and militant, is on strike against a disastrous wage cut; he has become a fighting workingman and the "squire" has become a hostile boss. During the war farm wages rose and in September, 1921, were 46 shillings a week. Then came a series of cuts, until at the end of the 1922 harvest wages were reduced to 25 shillings. Recently the farm owners demanded a further reduction of ½d. an hour and an increase of hours from 50½ a week to 54. At this point the men went on strike and one county after another is "walking out" in protest. Some of the masters have offered compromises, but the men seem to have determined against any further reduction in their scale of living. For the real picture of the British farm worker's life even on the present wage of 25 shillings a week (about $5.50) is a picture of under-nourished children and overworked parents. With what a man can raise in his own garden patch in his few free hours during the summer, his supply of food is little better than a famine ration. Something approaching a revolution is in sight on the pleasant English countryside, while all of Great Britain is rumbling with strikes and threats of strikes on the part of miners and shipworkers and builders and railwaymen.

M. LOUCHEUR'S visit to London was one of those "unofficial" journeys which can be disavowed if unsuccessful and recognized as official if they yield results. M. Loucheur is one of the two heirs apparent to Poincaré's throne. Apparently the British officials, who realize the weakness of their Government, were friendly but noncommittal. If England's cooperation could be obtained in a satisfactory liquidation of the Ruhr adventure Loucheur would be the obvious man to carry out the negotiations. He disagreed with the policy of invasion but has refrained from criticism since it began. If England holds aloof the stock of M. Tardieu, the apostle of ruthlessness, rises. Meanwhile the occupation continues its devastating course. The bloodshed at Essen, for which the German Government vainly asks reparation from the French, is but a hint of what may follow if military rule continues, and arbitrary acts every day aggravate the bitterness. The deputy mayor of Essen, for instance, was sentenced in February to two years in jail and a fine of 10 million marks merely for not supplying the French troops with automobiles and coal. He appealed to a second court-martial, which, *while recognizing "extenuating circumstances,"* has just increased the sentence to three years in jail and 16 million marks! General Degoutte's absurd order summoning 125,000 railroad workers to return to work on pain of being expelled with their families has of course not been executed despite general defiance of it, but there have been enough cruelly sudden evictions to stir all Germany. One hundred and six families are reported to have been evicted from their homes near Trèves in ten minutes by Algerian *spahis*. Each day's happenings make real peace more difficult and reflect more and more discredit upon the invading nation.

AT last the Allies have found a country to pay reparations: Bulgaria. Two of the two and a half billion francs charged against her at Neuilly, to be sure, are to be forgotten for thirty years; the other half billion Bulgaria is to pay currently. Some of our newspapers comment on this scaling down as an act of mercy justified by Bulgaria's good behavior. Bulgaria, they say, was rewarded for an honest attempt to carry out the treaty. Let us make a comparative study. Hungary has made no attempt to live up to the treaty at all; she has paid no reparations and has not even disarmed. Is she punished? Not she; of all the Central Powers she is most favored by the Allies—was she not the first to be admitted to the sacred precincts of the League? Austria has paid nothing. Indeed she could not; but for her failure she has been rewarded with a loan. Turkey has paid nothing, and the treaty that was to have carved her corpse has been publicly scrapped. Germany and Bulgaria have attempted to pay—and the Germans have the French in the Ruhr; while little Bulgaria, which is even ahead of the schedule in her coal deliveries, is graciously accorded the privilege of paying only half a billion gold francs—in addition to which this country of five million souls is supporting some forty thousand of the choicest Russian reactionaries and twice as many Armenians. She has economized by starving her civil servants and reducing her school system. If we were preaching the virtues of submission to the Allies we should not pick the case of Bulgaria unless for a sermon on the text, Virtue is its own—and only—reward.

A MICHIGAN jury consisting of nine farmers, a grocer, a crossing watchman, and a housewife stood six to six through thirty-one hours of debate in the case of William Z. Foster, accused of assembling with an organization formed to advocate the doctrines of criminal syndicalism. It was a remarkable trial throughout. It opened with the voluntary surrender of a dozen indicted Communists whom the Government had failed to find. That was a sportsmanlike act, and the course of the trial maintained the level. There was little legalistic fuss; Foster admitted without question that he had attended, though not as a member, a convention of the Communist Party of America, and Charles E. Ruthenberg, secretary of the party, whose trial follows Foster's, explained its principles. The judge's charge was a model of judicial moderation. Unlike New York and California judges, he instructed the jury that the criminal syndicalism law was not aimed at advocacy of even the most drastic change in political, industrial, or social institutions, unless coupled with such proposals was direct advocacy of the use of force. It was not enough if the Communists taught that the social forces now in operation would of their own momentum bring about a violent encounter between opposed social classes; to be guilty they must have advocated the use of force. That is sanity where hysteria has been common.

SATURDAY EVENING POST fiction has, for once, been proved veridical in Chicago's recent election. A hard-boiled Democratic political boss, in order to unite his party and gain personal prestige, nominated for mayor an honest and intelligent man who, competing with an honest but incoherent respectable Republican nonentity, won, hands down. Mayor-elect Dever is a progressive, but also a Democrat, which means that he will probably be less jovial and

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more human than if he were a progressive Republican, and thus more likely to retain popular support for his realistic method of dealing with traction and other kindred problems. In his program of municipalization—based on the plan proposed by Alderman U. S. Schwartz, a younger but equally capable progressive Democrat—he will try to deal fairly with the traction interests. Neither these interests nor zealous advocates of confiscation will approve of such a course. Accordingly the fur will fly; but it will not, one suspects, be entirely Dever's fur. Dever's predecessor, Thompson, was nonpartisan in his selection of corrupt and willing tools. Dever, it is reported, will choose his cabinet without regard to party lines and with an eye to integrity and efficiency. His age—he is about sixty—is a great asset, for it relieves him of the hampering ambition to build up a political machine. More or less accidentally Chicago has now its first opportunity for decent government.

THE skeleton of the Invisible Empire is fast becoming visible. While charges and counter-charges fly between the Imperial Emperor and the Imperial Wizard, the Imperial Palace is guarded from profane hands by two deputy sheriffs. The Exalted Cyclops and thirty-three of his cohorts, fresh from the late unpleasantness at Morehouse Parish, gallop to the support of the Imperial Emperor. The ex-Imperial Wizard is prevented from doing likewise by an unfortunate pending Federal charge. The Grand Kleagle for Texas announces that the 325 local organizations of that State with their 150,000 members are backing the Imperial Wizard. The Imperial Emperor is charged with being without legal authority; from three to five thousand of the faithful meet in the lodge rooms of Nathan Bedford Forrest Klan No. 1 to rectify this omission. The attorney for the Imperial Wizard claims that the Imperial Emperor agreed last year to take $1,000 a month and let others run the order, "but it kills him to see other folks raking in more than that." The Imperial Wizard himself is charged with receiving into his personal account three dollars out of the ten paid by each new member. The Chief of Staff is charged with depositing $68,000 of Klan money to his own account. The Acting Cashier charges the Cashier and the Chief of the Klan Espionage Bureau with stealing some $107,000. The former Grand Goblin, dismissed as an "insurgent" some months ago, makes the fight three-cornered by asking the Superior Court of Atlanta to appoint a receiver for the Klan. Instead of undertaking laundry work for the country the Klan's energies are being diverted to hanging out its own family wash.

THE long-expected conflict in the American theater is on. The contracts of the Actors' Equity Association by which the closed shop cannot be enforced against any member of the Producing Managers' Association expire in September, 1924. But it was perfectly clear to the instructed that the closer organization of the managers some months ago and the executive directorship of Mr. Augustus Thomas were both preparations for the coming struggle. Hence the Equity is now busy with its plans. Conferences have been on for several weeks. It is our earnest hope that these conferences will have a fruitful result; but all speculation is dangerous. No union can sustain itself if it is constantly menaced by sabotage from within. This fact the actors know. Hence it is the fundamental purpose of the Equity to establish the Equity shop in American theaters. The managers assert that, since actors are artists, they have no right to be connected with labor. This is a shallow appeal to an antiquated and ignoble snobbishness. On every fundamental ground the artist is a laborer who must sell his services in quite the same sense as the hewer of wood or drawer of water. His relation to the economic system is the same: his need for protection in bargaining is the same.

THE non-stop dancing record has been officially established at thirty-six hours and three pairs of shoes; as we go to press, however, another ambitious couple is well on the way to forty-four hours with but four one-minute stops, and by the time this paper is delivered to a waiting public the perpetual-motion machine which scientists have long sought may be a reality. Of course it is a truism that human beings will take fifty times as much trouble for a perfectly useless end as for the most worthy cause ever devised. However, that is as it may be; if a young man and a young woman choose to dance without stopping for a day and a half or a year and a half, taking food through a tube or with a sponge tied about their chins, and discarding shoes at the rate of one pair a minute it is no concern of *The Nation's*. But a line must be drawn somewhere and *The Nation* is pleased to register a protest from infants of five months of age and upwards against non-stop perambulator races, such as that from London to Brighton which has just stirred England. "We feel," writes the infants' spokesman, a young gentlemen of seven moons, "that to push us about from place to place in this manner is both undignified and unnecessary. We were not even consulted as to whether we preferred Brighton above any other destination; and we were provided with no amusement or refreshment on the way. We are unalterably opposed to non-stop perambulator races while we remain in the perambulator. We insist upon our inalienable right to stay at home and chew our thumbs in peace."

THERE is excuse enough for credulousness today, even if one of Hugo Stinnes's editors admits having concocted as an April Fool's Day hoax the tale of the Russian discovery of a way to extract "atmospheric energy"—whatever that may be. When honest archaeologists are unearthing forgotten civilizations in Egypt, Mesopotamia, and Yucatan and flaunting before our eyes the vanity of our dreams of modern progress, when credible physicians like Dr. Crile report that they have brought the dead to life (even though the application of the method is extremely limited), it is easy to let our imaginations roam—and charlatans have an open field. But Sir Oliver Lodge and Marie Corelli go too far with their preposterous myths of "elementals" in the tombs of Egypt holding the vengeance of Tut-Ankh-Amen in wait through the centuries for the Earl of Carnarvon. Lord Carnarvon was bitten by an "Egyptian insect"; the marvels of the tomb of Tut seem to have unloosed men's minds to a point where an *Egyptian* mosquito or an *Egyptian* scorpion vaguely belongs to a supernatural kingdom utterly unrelated to that inhabited by the rattlesnakes and malarial mosquitoes and deadly tarantulas of the Western world. There is material enough for a Carnarvon myth in the seven years of persistent but fruitless searching that preceded the great discovery and in the marvels of the tomb itself, without intruding nursemaid superstitions.

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Admiral Sims's Challenge to Our Press

No Record of U-Boat Atrocities, Asserts Sims

Special Dispatch to The Tribune

LOS ANGELES, April 3.—There is no authentic record of an atrocity ever having been perpetrated by the commander and crew of a German submarine, Admiral William S. Sims told the Los Angeles City Club today.

"The press accounts of the 'terrible atrocities' were nothing but propaganda," Admiral Sims said. "The British naval records and our own are filled with reports showing that German U-boats commanders aided in the rescue of crews and passengers of ships they sank. If they could not tow the ships to safety, they would always, by means of the radio, notify other ships of the position of the crippled vessel."

WE extract this amazing item from an inside page of the New York *Tribune* of April 4, where, we venture to say, not one reader in ten thousand discovered it. It appeared, so far as we can ascertain, in no other New York daily. Yet it is beyond question one of the most important dispatches which has appeared since 1917. Judged simply on its merits as a news story, we are willing to stake our journalistic reputation that it was worth infinitely more space and far larger headlines than were given to any first-page story of the *Tribune* upon that day. Yet except for a brief and unapologetic comment by the New York *World* it seems to have been ignored by the newspapers and press associations. These organizations, however, found space, if memory serves us, to telegraph considerable extracts from the Admiral's speeches denouncing the pacifists and urging a greater naval preparedness for war.

The most amazing admission yet made by any distinguished participant in the war as to the lying Allied propaganda in regard to the naval conduct of the Germans thus goes almost unnoted. Some editors, we are sure, will still be afraid to print it, for fear of the hoary charge of pro-Germanism. Many of them will not see it. Yet it constitutes the gravest of challenges to the integrity and truthfulness of our press. Everybody realizes that the columns of most of our dailies were filled to overflowing with lies and poison propaganda during the war; these were inevitable concomitants of war—lying, deceit, murder, and crimes of every kind *are* war—but now that the war is over is there not manhood enough left in our American press to record the historical facts as to the great struggle? We hoped there was when Sir Philip Gibbs brought out his recantation, his apology for his part in the campaign of deceit and suppression which brought the United States into the war—a campaign the Germans tried in vain by similar methods to overcome and surpass—for the press paid some attention to Sir Philip's confessions.

But now what will our editors do about this admission of Admiral Sims? We venture to say that they will ignore it, precisely as they are ignoring many of the vital facts as to the immediate antecedents of the war which are being laboriously dug out of the archives abroad and throw such a flood of light upon the origins of the catastrophe. What American daily has given adequate attention to the writings of Professor Sidney Fay of Smith College? What American newspaper has given serious consideration to the revelations at the Sukhomlinov trial, to the disclosures in the Izvolski-Sazonov correspondence of Poincaré's light-hearted anticipation of the war and of his machinations with the Russian militarists, or to the other documents which cast light upon the fundamental question of Germany's sole responsibility for the war?

When one recalls what endless columns were devoted to playing up the U-boat atrocities, one would think that for the sake of their own reputations, quite aside from any abstract desire for the truth, the leading dailies would join in asking that Admiral Sims be officially called upon to make good his statement or that the Navy Department join him in admitting its share in the wholesale deceit of the American people. That is what we think the situation calls for. Frankly, we do not quite share Admiral Sims's views. It may be that the conduct of the Germans was absolutely in accord with the laws of war, that they used the submarine as humanely as sailors could. But we cannot forget the loss of life of innocent men, women, and children on the Lusitania and other passenger ships, nor the seamen who died in the life-boats of cold and exposure or went down with their ships. If that is all justifiable in war, if no blame attaches to this method of killing on the seas, then let us know it—not merely that justice may be done to the Germans, but that we may see once more just what a devilish thing this war game is. Let us then join the chairman of the naval committee of the French Senate, Gustave de Kerguezec, in not merely urging the scrapping of battleships, but in moving to wipe out all navies entire and complete. For they are a stench in the nostrils of men as long as with them are possible such "lawful deeds" as the Germans and the Allies perpetrated on the high seas.

Sometimes we have begun to despair as to whether the truth which was crushed to earth during the war could ever rise again. As we behold the absolute belief that still persists in certain circles that the Germans were just devils in human form; as we hear men and women who pride themselves on their churchgoing refusing to contribute to the aid of the suffering and dying children of Germany and Russia because they hope "those Hun and Bolshevik brats" will all die—the quicker the better; as we see the streams of lying propaganda pouring into this country about Turkish atrocities—a new effort, almost as eagerly swallowed, to repeat the exaggerations of war time, we wonder and wonder whether in the lifetime of any men now living the real inwardness of the war and the guilt of all concerned will ever come to be recognized or established. We are not too confident that, even when men like Sir Philip Gibbs and Admiral Sims turn state's evidence, and the archives give up the darkest secrets of capitalist diplomacy, justice will be done on earth. But the Admiral's confession gives us fresh hope that the truth, the plain unvarnished truth, may yet come out.

Meanwhile, we respectfully request a statement from the Navy Department as to whether it does or does not stand behind Admiral Sims, whether it believes that this officer in whom it has reposed such high responsibility is giving us the facts of history or not. The American people are entitled to know.

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Liberty—A Discarded Jade

TO Premier Mussolini we are indebted for delightful frankness. "The truth," he says, "is evident, to all who are unblinded by dogmatism, that men nowadays are tired of liberty. . . . The great experiences of the after-the-war period mark the defeat of liberalism. Both in Russia and Italy it has been demonstrated that it is possible to govern outside, above, and against all liberal ideas." "Neither communism nor Fascism," he continues, "has anything to do with liberty." Then he offers this choice bit:

> Liberty is no longer a chaste, severe maiden for whom generations in the first half of the last century fought and died. For the intrepid, restless youth who are now in the dawn of a new history, other words exercise a greater fascination, namely, order, hierarchy, and discipline. . . . Fascism is not afraid to declare itself illiberal or anti-liberal. It has already passed, and if necessary will again pass, without the slightest hesitation, over the body, more or less decomposed, of the Goddess of Liberty.

Now that is what we call talking. No humbugging, no shilly-shallying, no dodging of any issue, no pretending that Fascism is something else than it appears to be, just a plain, unclothed statement that as there is a dictatorship of the proletariat in Moscow, so there is a dictatorship of the Fascisti in Rome. This clears the atmosphere not a little. True, it does not quite comport with a statement of the New York Fascisti who, in a letter to the New York *World*, declare that "Fascism is, above all, the exaltation of spiritual values and spiritual conquests. It is based upon class harmony and not upon class struggle; Fascismo is an ideal of progress." But what of that? For all we know reaction may have some spiritual value and be capable of spiritual conquest even by the aid of violence, the torch, and copious doses of castor oil—the Fascisti's favorite weapon. The great thing is that we know where we stand; that to his other achievements Mussolini has added this great one of making it unnecessary for anybody to dispute what Fascism means. We are saved when it comes to Italy, from such endless disputes as those about the meaning, purpose, and ideals of the soviets. We need only have before us a picture of a black-shirted man with a bottle of castor oil in his hand and one foot upon the unpleasantly decomposing body of a once highly respected goddess.

Not unnaturally our American reactionaries are simply delighted with Mussolini. At a remarkable private gathering of business men in New York recently the approval of Mussolini by one speaker who averred that it was a good thing to step upon the body of liberty because she had been but a wanton jade of late, was warmly applauded by the representatives of business there assembled. Naturally, Judge Gary is not lagging in his praise of this man who does things. "I observe," he is reported as saying in Rome, "that we have here a wonderful renaissance of youthful energy and activity. A master hand has, indeed, strongly grasped the helm of the Italian state. I feel like turning to my American friends and asking them whether they don't think that we, too, need a man like Mussolini. One only needs to approach the man and look him in the eye to become convinced that he is more than capable of leading Italy to the greatness that she deserves." Why, of course. Let us get rid of President Harding at once. Everybody admits that he is good and kind and well-meaning, but why should we not take Mr. Gary's advice, organize a band of black-shirts, march on the Capitol, and turn Mr. Harding out, presenting him with a bottle of castor oil and a ticket to his just-purchased ancestral farm? Let no one ask whether a people of 115,000,000 could produce a Mussolini. We have two candidates, either one quite capable of a dictatorship and of compelling the American people to peace, tranquillity, no strikes, and work. Judge Gary himself or William J. Burns, we are sure, would do the trick. We had intended nominating Nicholas Murray Butler for the position, but he lacks Mussolini's courage of avowal. He has refused to discipline a fascist member of his faculty on the ground that Columbia has academic freedom. If Mussolini had a record of academic dictatorship such as Mr. Butler's, surely he would boast of, not belie it. We venture to say, however, that neither Mr. Burns nor Judge Gary will have the slightest objection to bestriding the decomposing corpse of Liberty and that their accession to absolute power would be heartily welcomed by the New York *Times* and all those American champions of democracy who are so insistent that every communist be jailed because of his hostility to our democratic institutions. The very people who most roundly abused the Kaiser would be the first to applaud an American Mussolini.

Yes, indeed, Liberty is decaying, decomposing, dead. Why should not all the world know? Mussolini is bringing order into Italy, discharging numberless public servants, improving the enforcement of some of the laws, and doing well a number of the things that all dictators do well. We trust, however, that neither Sir Oliver Lodge nor Conan Doyle will take the trouble to interview just now the spirits of Cavour and Mazzini. Above all we hope that Judge Gary will not repeat his speech any nearer to Flanders Fields than the Appian Way. For we seem to have heard that the men who lie under those countless headstones in Flanders went to their deaths professing this same Goddess of Liberty as their one and only mistress, crying out that they were dying to make the world safe not for dictatorships but democracy, not for Kaisers nor Mussolinis nor Garys, but for the descendants of those to whom, in Italy particularly, Liberty was a chaste and severe maiden for whom generations fought and happily died.

An Ever-Changing Moral World

THE publication of Sherwood Anderson's "Many Marriages" and the performance of Sholom Asch's "The God of Vengeance" have once more raised through public action and private discussion the question of the relation of literature to morals. We are concerned for the moment with neither the one work nor with the other. We are concerned with the problem of bringing, if possible, some clarity into the discussion itself, some order into the appalling muddleheadedness from which it seems to proceed.

We wish first to pay our respects to the absolutist point of view. The classical example of that is, of course, the Catholic. If you believe, as you have a perfect right to do, that the rules of human conduct have been eternally fixed by divine revelation, you have logically a perfect right to forbid or to destroy books that by precept or example controvert the divine truth and corrupt the feeble heart. The Index and the inquisition are your proper weapons. Cultivated and humane Catholics do not, as a matter of fact,

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draw these extreme conclusions. Our point is that their logical position would be unassailable were they to do so.

Our criticism is directed against the men and women who do not profess the absolutist point of view and who nevertheless clamor against works of art that offend their moral tastes or moral sensibilities. And it is a curious observation that many of these men and women are descendants of the Puritans, who were ardent individualists at least in theory and ardent cultivators of the inner light. There is no real breach between the old and great Protestant doctrine of the individual soul's immediate responsibility to its god and the words of Emerson, arch puritan and protestant himself: "Good and bad are but names, very readily transferable to that or this; the only right is what is after my constitution, the only wrong what is against it."

The history of human conduct bears out Emerson's saying in a very practical and objective way, so that it was long ago remarked by Locke that "there is scarce a principle of morality to be named, or rule of virtue to be thought of, which is not somewhere or other slighted and condemned." The moral world, in brief, is a dynamic, a changing world in which change, as in the universe itself, is the condition of progress. Not every proclaimer of change is perfect. But the process itself functions through individuals—artists, thinkers, creative *livers*. We must give these scope to avoid an Egyptian fate. They are few enough. They will often offend our moral sensibilities, since these sensibilities are based on habit which is both easy and dear. There is no other way out. The risk must be taken if there is to be a progressive unfolding of either truth or beauty.

We shall be told that this doctrine of moral relativity sounds well enough but that it leaves us without a criterion, without any practical *modus operandi* in a world that contains—well, *La Vie Parisienne*. But that is an error. In the first place, we have heard of no one objecting to the public sale of *La Vie Parisienne*. It can be had anywhere for the asking. Secondly, no one will accuse that periodical of creative change in the moral world. It is as absolutist as Mr. Sumner. It simply thinks vice more amusing and more profitable than virtue. It is conventional and conformist to the bone. So is all pornography. It counts on the sense of absolute sin, on the conception of human passion as foul and unlawful, on furtiveness, lingerie, and stealth.

The good man, said Nietzsche, seeks to preserve that which is, the noble man to create new values. So it is with artists and with books. He is the most moral artist who is most earnestly concerned with the problems of human conduct and is concerned with them creatively. To have a new vision of righteousness, to point a new path to salvation is to share, in however humble and imperfect a manner, the glory of the prophets. To see human life in a fresh and creative way—that is moral even in the most conventional sense. To approve Zane Grey and condemn Sherwood Anderson, whether you agree with him and his methods or not, is a violently immoral proceeding. It is the old, unlearned lesson of "Faust." Perfection is far off. We do not know what it is. To our vision it seems, moreover, dangerously like stagnation, like death. What remains? Experiment, striving through greater error to less, through lower beauty and truth to higher. He who strives thus has done the utmost that is given man to do; him the eternal armies will gladly receive.

The Follies of the Caesars

THE meeting last week in New York of the Metric Association reminds us that there are good causes in the world that *The Nation* has shamefully neglected. Gargantuan as is our appetite for cosmic improvement, we have left almost untasted such worthy reforms as the universal adoption of the metric system, Esperanto, and a fixed calendar; yet these are all forms of internationalism which one may espouse without falling under the provisions of any stray espionage or criminal syndicalism law. Let us without further delay consider the fixed calendar.

No accountant, fisherman, or sea captain exists who does not periodically—but at irritatingly uneven periods—stub his mental toes on the eccentricities of the calendar. Four-week months following irregularly and inconsistently after five-week months have driven many an honest young bookkeeper into the downward course of juggling figures.

The calendar is ridiculous. It varies in different countries to the vast discomfort of international bankers and traders; and everywhere it is equally absurd. Whose fault is it? People take the calendar for granted as if it were a sort of natural phenomenon like the length of days and the tides and the equinoxes and the phases of the moon. Not at all. The force which decreed the moon and the tides had some idea of system and rhythm. The makers of the calendars now in use not only had no such idea but chose to ignore the obvious hints of nature. They stuck to the twenty-four-hour day in some accidental obeisance to the behavior of the sun; but when it came to months they ran amuck.

Tut-Ankh-Amen's people worked out, through minute observations of the shadow of the Great Pyramid taken and recorded and kept secret by its priests, a year of twelve equal months of thirty days each, at the end of which were five days left over for national festivities and holidays. Sosigenes, the Egyptian astronomer, presented this calendar to Julius Caesar, who had decided to straighten out the loose system of the Romans according to the scientific methods of the conquered Egyptians. Unfortunately Caesar tried to improve on science. He did not like those odd five days so he took them away from the end of the year and attached them to the ends of various months. He presented an additional thirty-first day to his own birthmonth, July, and his successor, Augustus, honored August in the same way.

What the Caesars in their pride and pomp managed to muddle, certain moderns intend to fix. Chambers of commerce and governments and other hard-headed folks are urging an international conference to fix once for all a sane universal calendar. They want to divide the year into even twenty-eight-day, four-week months—adding to the calendar a whole month located pleasantly between June and July; and the one day left over at the end of the year would be an international holiday. Easter and other roving holidays would be pinned severely to an agreed date. The whole thing looks reasonable to us. We are willing, in the name of sense and symmetry and international unity, to throw over the methods of the last 1900-odd years and even the classical learning of our childhood: "Thirty days hath September," etc.

How we should stand on this reform were we editors of a monthly magazine instead of a weekly we refuse to state.

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These United States—XXVII*

CONNECTICUT: A Nation in Miniature

By DON C. SEITZ

CONNECTICUT has been humorously described as "ninety-five miles long and seventy-five miles thick," these being roughly the State's geographical dimensions. Contiguous to Long Island Sound for the entire length, its bare ledges and deep valleys are credited with contributing their top soil to the making of Long Island itself, the detritus having been swept to sea in the days of the glacier, taking away much fertility and leaving mainly the picturesque behind. But picturesque the State is to an extent undreamed by the traveler who shoots through on the railroad touching mostly factory towns and glimpses only occasional views of water and nothing of the hills. The interior is singularly wild. There are long reaches of forest, great areas of idle land, vales that rival those of Cashmere, less its mountains, and that of Yumuri without its palms. Three noble rivers find their way through it to the sea, the Housatonic, the Connecticut, and the Thames. Of these the Connecticut travels farthest, its springs almost touching the Canadas and glorifying four States with its pride. As the country rises from sea level to the Berkshires on the west, or follows the rivers in the east, it develops great ridges, some of which are backed by hills, the chief of which, Bear Mountain of Litchfield County, reaches the respectable altitude of 2,355 feet. Eminences of from 500 to 1,200 feet are plentiful and high uplands border wide valleys that spread out refreshingly to the eye.

The artists discovered the charm of Connecticut years before the automobile gave people in general a still neglected chance to see and know this miniature wonderland. More than a quarter of a century ago John H. Twachtman, Childe Hassam, Harry Fitch Taylor, A. F. Jaccacci, Leonard Ochtman, and Elmer L. MacRae located Cos Cob, and George Wharton Edwards later visualized Greenwich. The art colonies at Saybrook and old Lyme have become famous. Other groups inhabit Westport, Norfolk, and Silver Mine.

In the rough country made by the broken terrain are stored quaint villages, untouched by the rush of the day, lakes unpolluted, and here and there fat farm lands enriching their owners with an exotic plant—tobacco. Once the "Connecticut filler" was a plebeian. Under improved breeding it has become an aristocrat, as a "wrapper" for the finer-flavored brands of Cuba. In warm summer days to ride among the plantations is to scent the dreamy narcotic and to know why Sir Walter Raleigh loved the weed at first sight. Beyond tobacco the farms contribute little. Connecticut raises only enough mutton to meet its needs for a single day, enough beef for eight days, and enough potatoes for fourteen. The rest of the supply must be imported and to procure this, cunning artisans in brass, silver, and fabrics toil in many towns. Some industries the State has made its own. The copper of Anaconda and Cerro de Pasco becomes clocks, rods, and sheetings of brass in Ansonia, Waterbury, and New Haven, while the hats of Danbury, Bethel, and Norwalk cover many heads. Stamford and New Britain put hinges, locks, and knobs on our doors. Manchester specializes in silk; Glastonbury in soap, and Willimantic in thread. In Bridgeport the typewriter, the corset, and the cartridge rule. In Meriden the silver spoon and its counterfeit began their lives. Far away New London and Stonington recall through stable fortunes the whale fishery and the seal hunting of the Antarctic, with not a few shekels wrested from the sea by venturesome privateers in 1812. In sleepy Middletown, now noted for Wesleyan University, money gathered by merchant mariners still earns its increment and shall it be said echoes the scandal of the wooden nutmeg and the basswood ham!

The "factory towns" can be put by as blots on the landscape, though not all are to be condemned for their abasement to utility. One of them, Stamford, is a model of what a complete city can be without smothering its soul in size. Its 35,000 people enjoy a fine theater, clubs, schools, library, commodious, handsome churches, the best of fire departments, and indeed all the elegancies as well as the comforts of life. How better it would be if the United States could possess 5,000 Stamfords, rather than the congested centers of New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and their lesser kind into which our people are packing!

Despite the Puritan grimness of its birth-throe Connecticut became the father of the circus in its modern magnificence. If P. T. Barnum is not truly one of the immortals it is because there is no justice in the process of selection. Bridgeport built itself around him and his fame, and though the genial exhibitor long since passed away he left in its parks and public works a monument to his memory. And this is not all. The Greatest Show on Earth still winters there. The local boys take kindly to acrobats and are indifferent to elephants.

Hartford is a gay combination of Life Insurance and Death, for here the former had a pioneer foundation that has brought in great accumulations of cash, while Samuel Colt's "revolver" has grown into "Browning guns" and many forms of deadly repeaters that wipe out a regiment at a discharge. A dip into history reveals that the warehouse of one Major Selleck, of Stamford, sheltered a share of Captain Kidd's much-hunted booty, while a contumacious person named Clark acted as agent for the whilom pirate in defiance of authority and to the great wrath of the Earl of Bellomont, King William's Colonial Governor.

But the State can be truly described as a nation in miniature. It has made itself. It could be argued that Connecticut, not Necessity, was the mother of invention. Eli Whitney produced the cotton gin and Elias Howe the sewing machine, the two greatest advances in civilization after steam and before electricity. It has been claimed that the Yankee did not invent so much from innate ingenuity as laziness. He wanted a machine to do the work and save muscle.

Behind all this varied industry and energy stand Education and Congregationalism in high companionship, adding to the sum of wisdom and salvation. Although Elihu Yale—

> Born in America, in Europe bred,
> In Africa traveled, in Asia wed—

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hanged his servant in India for misusing a favorite horse, his dollars laid the foundation for one of the greatest of universities whose charter is firmly imbedded in the constitution of the State. Article 8 provides that "the Charter of Yale College as modified by agreement with the corporation thereof, in pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly, passed May 1792, is hereby confirmed."

There is much in this constitution that is notable besides giving shelter to Yale. Its first two sections contain all that need be said of the Rights of a People in establishing a government, viz.:

1. That all men when they form a social compact, are equal in rights; and that no man or set of men are entitled to exclusive public emoluments or privileges from the community.

2. That all political power is inherent in the people, and all free governments are founded on their authority, and instituted for their benefit; and that they have at all times an undeniable and indefeasible right to alter their form of government in such manner as they may think expedient.

Alas, that this clear and potent view can no longer seem to prevail among us! It is no more in force in Connecticut than elsewhere in these United States. The sturdy independence of the Charter-makers that began when Joseph Wadsworth concealed the first one in the famous oak, is not echoed in the practices of their descendants. They can still resent mandates from without as they withstood the orders of Massachusetts Bay in Colonial days. When the suffrage amendment reached Hartford the legislature was not in session. The ladies were eager to have the then Governor Marcus H. Holcomb call a special session to secure its acceptance and so give them the vote at once. The Governor could see no exigency and declined at first to act, but as the legislature in Connecticut can summon itself when need be, he yielded to the prospect that it would do so and convened its members. The Governor, true to the traditions, thought that prohibition and suffrage were questions that belonged by right for the State alone to determine. So far as prohibition is concerned the amendment has been three times rejected, while the "concurrent" act, passed to fit the Volstead law, makes it illegal for the police to interfere with a citizen who may be transporting less than five gallons of liquor at a time!

The political processes by which the American people have been separated from their liberties have ground over Connecticut as the glaciers did long ago, leaving a sterile "freedom" behind. In the beginning Church ruled State. The much vaunted "Blue Laws" were not so blue as many that prevail on the statute books today. They were merely enforced. When the church ceased to have political power parties contended with some diverseness until Insurance came to the fore and its magnates in Hartford took over the legislature, as later the same sort did in New York. When all their needs in lawmaking were satisfied, the control was handed over to the "Consolidated," that being the local name for the Interstate Railway combination, better known as the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad, reversing the New York order, where the law factory was first owned by the Central interests.

This lasted until the dethronement of Charles S. Mellen as the railroad head. For a few years the legislature has been free of corporations, but like a prisoner released after long confinement does not know what to do and sits blinking at the light save when the "boss" calls upon it to obey.

The cities are not permitted to dominate the towns. Though sixty-one of the latter have but one legislator, the remainder send to the Capital two each, and the large centers of population receive no consideration for numbers. Two is their allotment. This is a grievance with the big communities, but the little will not yield them more. The total membership of the Lower House is 262; that of the Senate 35. Representatives receive $300 a session and meet biennially.

The Master of the Legislature is J. Henry Roraback, the Republican "leader" of the State, and its National Committeeman. He comes from the pleasant land of Canaan up in the hills, is president of a big water-power company, which is taking 35,000 horse-power from a new development on the Housatonic, and is secure in his saddle. For some years he was assailed by the rivalry of John T. King, a carpet-bagger from Brooklyn who rode into control of Bridgeport on a public works contract. He followed Roosevelt and came down, not to earth, but alighted neatly in Wall Street, where he is reputed to serve in some way a great financial combination. The antithesis of political leadership with Roraback is the Democratic National Committeeman, Homer S. Cummings, of the silver voice and velvet paw. But he, it must now be told, is an exotic—born in Chicago. Both gentlemen are careful to see that no real harm comes to each other.

Although the Republican margin of votes is normally small, Connecticut has had but two Democratic Governors in forty years, Thomas M. Waller and Simeon E. Baldwin, both of whom owed their success to discontent in the opposition. Each did much for the State, Governor Baldwin taking the roads out of politics in such a way as to keep them out up to date, the State Highway Superintendent, Charles J. Bennett, whom he appointed, being a sound engineer with a policy that has developed permanent pavements laid on trunk lines, where his predecessor spent millions on useless sections of temporary construction scattered to please localities and doing no one good.

The State has been chary in the past about enacting general legislation. It is less than ten years since it passed a banking act. The general railroad act was wiped out when Mellen moved in. Petty judges are appointed by the legislature, members not infrequently naming themselves for the honor. The constitution's plea that there should be no monopoly of office-holding is often grossly disregarded. Though the faithful be plenty, there are many cases of double place-keeping that pass unrebuked. Clifford E. Wilson, Mayor of Bridgeport for many years, enjoyed three terms as Lieutenant Governor, while holding his city job, and another genius in office getting contrived to be State senator, State treasurer, and county judge in one overlapping period of bliss. Local officials are constantly picking up State or county jobs under this kindly system of respecting their several terms.

The electorate, it may be sadly said, is corrupt. I myself, in the course of several political adventures, have been three times offered the "control" at the polls of the richest community under town government in the United States. The offer was made in good faith by a man quite competent to carry it out. The poor towns are just as bad as the rich in this respect. Election Day is a biennial harvest. The Republicans are the usual purchasers. The practice began in a desire to save the country and become permanent as part of the process of saving themselves. One factor in the

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corruption of Connecticut local politics is the system of minority representation. A town Board of Selectmen consists of three members. Four candidates run. The three highest win. An aggressive nominee for the minority is readily beaten by a deal with the majority which can head him in the poll. So good men who might truly represent rarely win. The third man is usually a dummy or a conformer. The same method applies to the choice of assessors and justices of the peace. Well meant, it leads to party treachery and individual chicane through which the minority often has worse than no representation.

Under a system of privilege-selling the citizens of the State have been deprived of much that was their own. For example, nearly all of the long waterfront with its rocks and beaches, bathing facilities and the liberty to dig shellfish in the sand has passed into private ownership to the great hardship of the people at large. Maine, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island, with jealous eye, have guarded "fisherman's rights" and so have preserved access to the sea. The proudest estate at Bar Harbor, Nahant, and Narragansett must provide a pathway to the shore. In Connecticut "No Trespass" signs mock the people. From Byram shore to Stonington the story is about the same. Greenwich has preserved to itself a waterfront fifteen feet wide, and Sound Beach, imposing as is its name, is little more than a few grains of sand for the public. Here and there a town has salvaged some of its former possessions. Stamford, though it lost possession of the glorious shores of Shippan Point, has established a park on old meadows and given it a sandy shore, and Westport makes the proceeds of a town-owned bathing beach pay a good slice of its expenses. The State also suffers scenically from the invasion of the rich. The segregated shore front, where the "villa" prevails, is further monopolized by the planting of trees and shrubbery, so as to cut off the view. Even on the uplands, where the wealthy have come to live, the roads are girded with walls of stone or hedges of privet, so that one can no longer look across the land.

Industry, too, has dealt hardly with nature. The rivers and bays are polluted. The shad that once crowded the Connecticut come in scant schools, where once they were legion, and the salmon come not at all. Menhaden exterminators have driven bluefish, striped bass, and weakfish from the Sound and the minor species suffer from the sewage in the harbors and the poison in the streams. In remote shore spots lobsters still hide amid the reefs and command metropolitan prices when caught. A few men live by an occupation that once supported many.

Beyond this the franchises of railways, water, and light are mainly in outside hands. It was considered "slick" to unload them as was so generously done during the Mellen regime. The result was not so satisfying. So great a burden was laid upon the New Haven road, in which many had their hoard, as to crush its earning power, while the costs of travel, of light, of water, and of power have gone up. These the public pay. Their increment in the main goes elsewhere. The State's system of justice does not work for the general advantage, but since the railroad quit naming the judges the bench has greatly improved. The jury system continues bad. Jury lists are compiled by the town selectmen, who reward all too often men of poor caliber with a chance to earn the fee. The Town of Greenwich was a conspicuous sinner in this respect, so much so that Chief Justice George W. Wheeler, found it necessary not so long ago to warn the selectmen that he would punish them if better material were not forthcoming.

Grand jurors are elected by the towns, but do not sit as a County body to consider complaints and hand down indictments. Their functions are limited to transmitting information of law infractions to minor jurists and the powers given are so limited as to be practically nil. The ordinary run of criminals pass through the hands of a town prosecutor; important cases, through those of the State's Attorney, who serves the county. The decision of guilt rests in their hands. This leads sometimes to extraordinary miscarriages that need not be listed here. Coroners are appointed by the judges of the Superior Court upon the recommendation of the State's Attorney. Persons reporting the finding of a body dead from violence are rewarded with a tip of fifty cents. An appeal from a local to the county court begins the case *de novo*. The State's Attorney decides whether or not he will go on, regardless of the local official. So the accused has always what is pleasingly called "a chance." This power sometimes becomes visible in local politics. In capital cases only, a grand jury summoned by the Sheriff considers and indicts.

Taxation is, on the whole, light. There is an elaborate personal-tax provision, but it is not enforced by penalty, so it is generally disregarded. Four dollars per $1,000 is levied annually on bonds held in the State. There is no remedy for non-compliance until death, when the State steps in and collects five times the amount and retroacts it for five years. So it gets something. Under its charter the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad is expected to turn all its earnings above 10 per cent over to the State. In its most prosperous days the prudent management always contrived so that nothing accrued to the commonwealth, but it found that it was much easier to deal with a surplus than a deficiency. One thing the Mellen regime did besides electrifying the line to New Haven deserves remembering. It planted both sides of the track from Mount Vernon on for many miles with ramblers of the Dorothy Perkins variety. These have flourished in sand and cinders, in all the hard soil along a railroad cut, so that in the month of June the path of the commuter is strewn with roses, even if there are none for the stockholders. It is a moot question whether the obligation to pay the State all returns above 10 per cent. does not constitute an obligation that would annul the wrecking of the road's earning power by loading it with worthless properties, like the unlawful dissipation of assets by a creditor, making the lines eligible for seizure by the State as in violation of contract. No lawyer or citizen has ever taken steps to test the point, while of course the State government itself is supine as usual in corporate matters. The Attorney General is seldom selected for aggressiveness.

The communities are curiously self-centered. The many excellent newspapers circulate closely at home. There is no journal with a statewide distribution. New York to the west and Boston to the east smother them. This does not mean that they are not profitable. Usually they are—some of them very much so, like the pair in Hartford, which probably earn more per capita of population than any other sheets in America. They simply do not reach out and there is no covering editorial influence. In the paternal days of the railroad management the train service was so arranged

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as to keep the New York and Boston papers back until the news grew cold as a form of protecting the local press and keeping it amiable. This ceased during the Spanish War, when the city papers bought train service, which later became regular, not the least to the disadvantage of the home journalism, so far as profits go. It has prospered since as never before. A misfortune it is that some of the cities are dominated by journals grouped together by the National Manufacturers' Association; not that this does their owners much good. It is simply against the interests of the community if there is any merit in the theory of a free and untrammeled press.

The cities have become strongly foreign. The country is still strongly native. The melting process is slow, because the large immigration to industrial centers broods together by nationalities. Italians are the strongest force industrially, the Irish politically. The Democratic mayors of New Haven, Waterbury, Hartford, Meriden, and Middletown are of Celtic descent; New Britain's ruler is Italian. In some of the rude reaches of the north, middle, and east bordering Rhode Island, where the scenery is best, dwell grades of people whose minds and habits make the observer regret the extermination of the Mohegans and Pequots. It seems to be the mood of nature when on show to breed the poorest samples of mankind. These back countrymen are not influenced by newcomers of wealth or by the nearness of cities. When a traveler expressed astonishment at one living but an hour away from New York who had not "been thar" for eighteen years, he replied: "Why should I go—I've plenty to do here." And he had!

The State is New England in epitome. It has character, often too latent in these latter days. That this will soon reassert itself through the coming of women into political life is my profound belief. Just as Barbara Frietchie "took up the flag the men hauled down" the new owners of the franchise will surely elevate its political morals, abashing the careless and corrupt males and lifting up the parties above sordid office-getting and the selling of popular rights. These women of Connecticut who have picked up the gage are not "flappers" or notoriety seekers. They are the sort a real man likes for a mother.

Incidentally it may be added that Connecticut has mothered much. The now overcrowded Dartmouth College began as Dr. Eleazer Whitlock's Indian School in Lebanon, with Joseph Brant, the "cruel Mohawk," as one of the first pupils. She mothered Ohio, whose "fire-lands" given to pay the State for British raids during the Revolution became the Western Reserve of Connecticut, giving it and us the Shermans, the Tafts, and other worthy names. She mothered the assault on Ticonderoga during the early hours of the Revolution, when Ethan Allen with Connecticut troops took the stronghold in "the name of the Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Her soldiers under Israel Putnam and his like followed the English flag to Quebec and the Havannah. She built a navy of her own to aid the Continentals as bravely by sea as her men had done by land, and the graves of her dead lie thickly in the fields of France.

A land of steady habits, not all good, but her own!

The next article in the series These United States, to appear in The Nation *of May 2, will be* Arkansas: A Native Proletariat, *by C. L. Edson.*

The Young Hangman

By MICHAEL GOLD

IT was the young hangman's first convention. He sat there, pale and bitter, looking like Hamlet in his black suit, and sneering at everything that happened. He was the youngest hangman there, and the most disillusioned. He had come to his first convention with certain ideals, and they were being shattered.

The convention was held secretly, in the main suite of a huge New York hotel. This had been the first blow to the young hangman. He had subconsciously expected a dark cellar infested with spiders and ornamented with skulls. The second blow had been the two days that were given over to Coney Island, leg shows, sightseeing, and the other conventional appetizers to American conventions. The young hangman had anticipated something like visits to the morgue, the various cemeteries, jails, hospitals of the city, and similar melancholy spots.

And now they were getting down to business, and the young hangman's sneers became almost blasphemous in their intensity. There were about forty hangmen present, and they were all middle-aged Americans, plump, ruddy, prosperous looking, with shining bald heads, and perfectly creased trousers, and glittering shoes, big watch chains across their neat vests, fountain pens, eyeglasses, fine big linen squares of handkerchiefs, cigars in their mouths—in short, with nothing that was truly American missing in their costumes.

The convention opened with the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner," and a prayer by the Rev. Absalom Bookstaver, a prison chaplain. Then the minutes of the preceding convention were read, and the President of the Hangmen's Association of the United States read his report for the year. It was an account of the growth, necessarily slight, in membership of the organization, statistics of the number of operations performed during the year, and various recommendations as to the work of the organization for the coming year.

"Your President is proud," the President read in conclusion, peering in a solid, fatherly way over his gold-rimmed pince-nez at the convention, "your President is proud to have been at the head of this organization for the past year, and to have helped speed it on its glorious path to a bigger and better future. America needs men who stand by their duties, who help the country grow, and who perform all their obligations as citizens and fathers. Not a single discord has been struck in the harmonies of this past year. Not a member has forgotten his duties to the community; not a member has been convicted of a crime or accused of a delinquency. We have upheld morality in our own professional way. Aside from that, we have stood for prohibition enforcement; we have supported the work of President Harding and Congress both at home and abroad, and we have fulfilled all our contracts and given a fair day's work for a day's pay. 'Angels could no more.'"

The young hangman gnashed his teeth.

Several of the Chairman's recommendations were put into the form of resolutions and discussed. One of them was to the effect that a certain brand of Manila rope be used in the future. The manufacturer's agent was present, and passed out little samples of this rope, which were cir-

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culated from hand to hand and tested in various expert ways. The rope was officially adopted for use by the organization. The manufacturer's agent retired benignantly.

Two important resolutions that next came up for discussion by the cigar-smoking hangmen were on the matters of remuneration and change of name. It was voted to make a joint demand for a raise of $50 per execution.

"The cost of living has gone up," said one solemn gentleman, "but our fees have been stationary. The workingmen, through their unions, have been able to force an increase of wages for themselves, but we of the middle class have been backward in this respect. A bricklayer gets $15 a day, a carpenter $10, but the hangman, who gives years of study to his profession, and who must have his knowledge and skill on tap whenever the community demands it of him, still receives the pre-war scale. We must demand a raise."

The resolution was carried unanimously, as was also a resolution proposing that the organization change its name from the Hangmen's Association of the United States to that of the Lethalists' Association of America. A thin, white-haired little hangman who had once been a clergyman made a moving and idealistic plea for this change.

"The word hangman has become connected with so many disagreeable memories and traditions that it is time we put our ancient profession on a respectable footing in the world," he said. "We operate under the command of God and State; why then should we still suffer from the fear and odium that linger in many minds like a survival of medieval superstition? Undertakers have suffered from the same misapprehensions, but they now term themselves morticians and advertise in the newspapers. We, too, should modernize ourselves and insist on the world's deference." The resolution was carried.

The most important piece of modernization accomplished, however, was the next resolution, which provided that the Association establish a permanent office, with a paid secretary and press agent who should make it his business to press upon the public attention the following truths:

1. That Lethalists were not the godless, somber figures tradition made them out to be, but were even as other men. The method was for this press agent to write colorful and bright little personality sketches of various leading hangmen, revealing the character of their home life, their love of flowers, dogs, country life and little children, also snappy anecdotes telling how they got their start in the world.

2. The press agent would agitate incessantly against the increasing adoption of electricity as a means of execution. He would point out the inconveniences, horrors, and even un-Americanism of this new-fangled method, showing that Washington and the forefathers had never intended Americans to be electrocuted, but had been satisfied with the simpler and more primitively democratic hanging.

3. He would protest, in season and out, against the growing, and lamentable, tendency to abolish the death penalty, showing how murderers sentenced to life imprisonment became a burden on the patient taxpayer.

4. He would take steps to arrange that all chapters of the Ku Klux Klan be supplied with a duly qualified hangman, available in such cases as called for severer punishment than mere lashing, mutilation, or the use of tar and feathers. Many lynchings, he could aver, had been sadly botched by amateurish methods, the intended victim having escaped in more than one instance.

It was at this juncture, while a speaker was lauding Jefferson, the United States Constitution, and Betsy Ross, that the young hangman, frothing with rage, sprang up and created the scandal that is still memorable in the history of the hangmen's conventions. His eyes flashing flame, his black locks scattered wildly on his pale histrionic forehead, the young intellectual made a bitter attack on the dignified assembly.

"Gentlemen," he cried, "go no further! This is too horrible! In a most ludicrous world, this is the most ludicrous joke that I have known. I am a philosopher; I learned early in youth to scorn and hate humanity, and finding no adequate expression for my feelings in the walks of life, I became a hangman. I found a pleasant revenge in the work, a safe and easy method of venting my hatred of men without incurring the danger of being prosecuted for my writings or executed for my murders. I came here expecting to find a convention of similar thinkers, men who had been so hurt by the world that they had become murderous and wise, intelligent misanthropes, a group of satanic philosophers and supermen, practicing what other philosophers could only preach. And what is it I do find? A group of American business men! A nest of Woodrow Wilsons! A menagerie of God-fearing Christians! A hive of buzzing deacons! A swarm of forward-lookers! A colony of Babbitts!

"How are you able, I ask, to hang men whom you do not hate? Where is your complacence in ridding this world of its misfits and failures, if you are brother misfits? Should you not rather release your prospective victims, conduct them tenderly to the bosom of your families, and instruct them in the grand principles of 100 per cent Americanism? Is this the spirit in which our great prototype, the heroic Nero, viewed humanity, averring his sorrow that it had not a single neck, that its common life could so be the more readily terminated? Has one of you ever thought of that great Roman as our patron saint, and proposed that his bust adorn the chosen hall of our convention? No, you ignore the supreme misanthrope, and pursue your activities not in the spirit of joyous self-expression, but as a profitable duty! You are respectable! Many of you are, no doubt, fathers! O, you fat bourgeois! This is too much!"

And then the young hangman took out a revolver and shot himself, dying in a splendid frenzy of blood and defiance on the floor of the convention hall.

After the horror and disgust of the assembled hangmen had subsided, and the corpse removed, resolutions were passed to the effect that thereafter no new members would be admitted to the Association who could not prove:

1. That they had never read a modern book,
2. That they were over forty years of age,
3. That they believed in the United States Constitution,
4. That they believed in the Deity and Jesus Christ.

The rebellion of the young hangman had effected nothing.

Contributors to This Issue

DON C. SEITZ, New York newspaperman and author of many books, has lived in Connecticut for twenty-five years and has been active in the public life of the State, notably in connection with the fight for woman suffrage.

MICHAEL GOLD is an editor of the *Liberator*.

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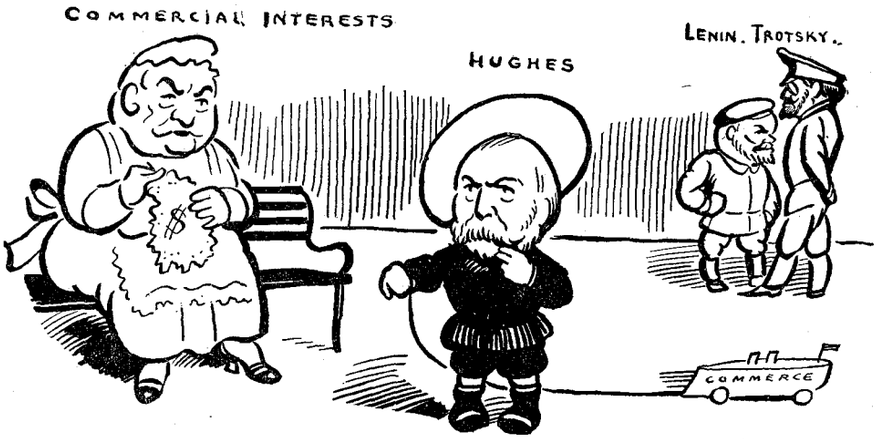
Looking On

by

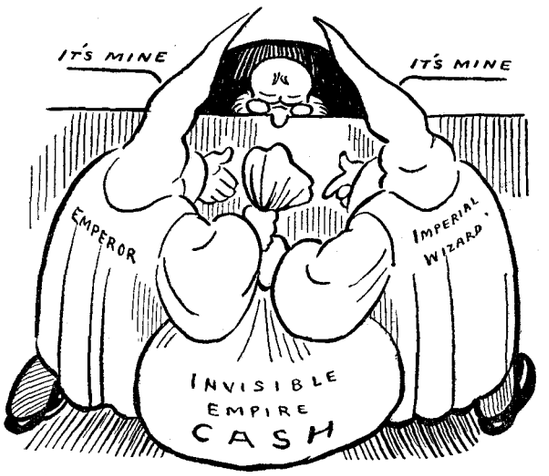
Art Young



CHARLIE: *I told them I couldn't play with them unless they would be good boys.*
NURSE: *You did perfectly right. Always remember your careful bringing up.*

Another European Attraction

Sir Arthur Conan Doyle arrives with his troupe of performing spooks.



The Klan Takes Up Law and Order

Never Mind Actualities

On a bed of bristling armaments, in the murky air of race hatred and commercial rivalries, sick Humanity turns her attention to the "inner self."

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The Heroes of Tomorrow

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

IT is amazing how few—and, on the whole, how moderate and how restrained—the young men in our national politics in Washington are.

Our outbreaking characters in Washington, our rough-stuff lads, are in their fifties and sixties. Johnson is fifty-six. Borah is fifty-seven. Reed of Missouri is sixty-one. La Follette is sixty-seven.

Vainly I welcome the incoming trains at the Union Station in search of a new young statesman who will say: "La Follette? Nice old man! We all admire the gentle, patriarchal light which he sheds on the political scene. But watch me! I'll show you what being radical really is!"

Our younger men do not much go in for being super-La Follettes. In fact, our younger men in the United States of America do not seem to go in much for even being in existence in Washington. In the Cabinet there are only two men who are under fifty. One of these men is Mr. Davis, Secretary of Labor, who is forty-nine. The other is Mr. Hoover, Secretary of Commerce, who is forty-eight.

Mr. Davis is sprightly but not destructive. If he has any juvenile impulses toward smashing our institutions and calling for new toys, he conceals them.

Mr. Hoover, the baby of the Cabinet, is distinguished for sobriety of demeanor, for gravity of thought, for solid industriousness, rather than for any wayward tendency toward climbing trees and getting out on the ends of limbs.

It is true that in a sub-Cabinet position we do indeed find one really playful Washingtonian political infant. Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, is by age thirty-five and by temper not more. He is able to be interested in naval maneuvers both as a national policy and as a grand game. He is able to be profoundly impressed and at the same time violently amused.

His mind has the quality that served his father best and most. He finds no idea undeserving of consideration. He may reject it; but he considers it.

Certain ideas he seems to have accepted definitely. Among them is the idea of free speech in the full sense in which that idea was held by the founders of the country. His recent oration to regular Republicans in New York on the beauties of free speech was astonishing. In the year 1923 he committed himself outrightly to an original historic American principle; and at the age of thirty-five he did it as emphatically and as adventurously as it could have been done by La Follette, who is thirty-two years his senior.

Such adventurousness accompanied by such youthfulness is nowadays rare. In the last United States Senate there were fifteen men under the age of fifty. An enumeration of these men will indicate that the names of few of them need strike terror into the hearts of our most timid sitters on the top of the American lid:

Hale of Maine, Gerry of Rhode Island, Wadsworth of New York, Edge of New Jersey, Reed of Pennsylvania, France of Maryland, Elkins of West Virginia, Trammell of Florida, Harrison of Mississippi, Broussard of Louisiana, Sheppard of Texas, McCormick of Illinois, Ashurst of Arizona, McNary of Oregon, Stanfield of Oregon—these gentlemen were born calmed down or else got so before they came to Washington. They have achieved in Washington a record of good brains and of sparse political wild oats.

In the next Senate—on the other hand—there will be four new men who will join this group and who, in spite of youth, are pledged to do considerable cutting up.

One of them—Frazier of North Dakota—is in his late forties. Two of them—Shipstead of Minnesota and Wheeler of Montana—are in their early forties. The last of them—Dill of Washington—is only thirty-eight. However, it is to be noted that the most drastic of all of the new Senators elected last fall is Brookhart of Iowa, who is fifty-four.

To return now to our established and tested Senators who are still on the conservative side of fifty, it is necessary to observe the reasons for the prominence of Wadsworth, of Harrison, and of McCormick.

Wadsworth has a staunch, steadfast, country-squire mind and a continuous undeviating political character. He does his special senatorial duty—which is the chairmanship of the Military Affairs Committee—laboriously, conscientiously, successfully. He is not content with having the defects of toryism. He has its virtues.

Harrison has a supple talent for parliamentary political dancing on the senate floor. He can lead almost any Republican a dance that will exhaust him in ten minutes.

McCormick is Washington's supreme paradox. His primary characteristic—and it necessarily makes him seem paradoxical—is his sophistication. He can lunch with international bankers in New York and on the same afternoon give out an interview denouncing the whole tribe of international bankers for their alleged desire for European entanglements.

His opinions do not go into any one known recognized political category. He tacked to the last revenue bill as it went through the Senate an amendment which, if it had been adopted by the House, would have given the country a most devouring tax on inheritances. He is our great persistent destroyer of the perpetuity of large fortunes.

He is also our great persistent, passionate, senatorial promoter of American imperial influence in the Caribbean. He loves to see the Caribbean blossom with American "good government," and with American good business. He wants to see the American business man go to the Caribbean and bless it with abounding exports and imports and come back home and die and leave his fortune in all its wicked upper reaches to the American Treasury.

He is capable of being both more old-fashioned and more new-fangled than in theory would seem to be possible within the confines of one personality. The reason is that he looks at everything not from the standpoint of any one economic or social system of thought, but from the standpoint of government—government. He would subdue the rich just as he would subdue Haiti to government. His greatest actual legislative achievement, characteristically—and again paradoxically—is that dull thing, the Budget Bureau, which he indefatigably promoted with a temperament which is full of charms and utterly devoid of mathematics.

He is well-read and wary. His fault is that he seldom has a passion for any imponderable idea—such as the Bill of Rights. His merit is that in spite of his wariness—which is almost weariness—he can work with a great passion for ideas that can be outwardly materialized in effective government—such as the abolishment of child labor.

Among all of our Washingtonian heroes of tomorrow—now under fifty—he is the one who, if he does not suffer a local fall in his own State, seems most to be next in line for a national rise.

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Superpower

(An exchange of views by William S. Murray, engineering chairman of the Superpower Survey; J. Parke Channing, vice-president of the Federated American Engineering Societies, and Robert W. Bruère, author of the Coal Disgrace and the Way Out, in The Nation *of March 7.)*

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Robert Bruère, on the matter of putting the superpower system into being, says: "The choice inevitably lies between private monopoly and public development," and through inference or statement leaves no room for doubt that the people will be robbed by "private trusts" if the superpower system is developed other than under public ownership. While there is nothing wonderful about the superpower system it was my conception, and having been appointed by the government Engineering Chairman to make the Superpower Survey, I have certain qualifications to discuss briefly Mr. Bruère's article. Fortunately many of his errors of statement will be controverted by facts of which your intelligent readers are possessed. For the benefit of those few who may attach weight to some of Mr. Bruère's remarkable ideas it may be worth while to present some of the facts that should be substituted for the statements he has made. Here is one of his statements: "Given cheap current and house-heating by electricity is bound to follow electric lighting." Translating the facts associated with the law of the conservation of energy, this situation confronts us: When coal costs $40 per ton (2,000 pounds) and a kilowatt-hour costs 1c., then the cost of heating a home by electricity will be the same as heating it by burning coal in the furnace. Coal is not going to cost $40 per ton, and if it does we may rest assured that we won't get electric power delivered at our houses for 1c. per kilowatt-hour. Putting it another way, even with coal at $10 per ton and electricity at 3c. per kilowatt-hour, it will cost twelve times as much to heat a house by electricity as to burn coal in the furnace; or again, if we increase the coal cost to $20 per ton, then house-heating by electricity with a kilowatt-hour at 3c. will be six times as costly. Apropos of heating by electricity, it might be of interest to your readers to know that when the New Haven was electrified, notwithstanding the river of electric power that was created over its rails, electricity was not used to heat the trains. Flash boilers burning fuel oil and evaporating 400 to 800 pounds of water per hour were placed in the electric locomotives and the cars were heated by the steam so produced. A similar procedure was followed in connection with the electrification of the New York Central and the Milwaukee and St. Paul railroads. In the case of the New Haven it would have cost five times as much to heat its trains by electricity as by steam. It is of interest to note here also that the electric wires which could have furnished the heating current were directly overhead with none of the added costs of city distribution circuits.

Mr. Bruère refers to Ontario as a place where more than 200 cities, towns, and villages have combined in the development of a hydro-electric system on a magnificent scale and all getting their power "at cost." "At cost" was the magic slogan which the political propagandists employed in California in their attempt last fall to take the power business out of the hands of the people's servants—the electric utilities—and put it in the hands of a committee of five unknown men, all of whom were to be appointed by a then un-elected governor. The matter came up in the form of a referendum vote. It called for an amendment to the constitution of the State and there was associated with it the usual "golden ship of bonds." The people of California were asked to approve the State issuing $500,000,000 bonds (50 per cent of the total bonded indebtedness of all the States in the Union), to clothe the Committee of Five with the right to give five days' notice to any existing electric utility that its plants would be taken out of the hands of its owners and operated by the State, and if it was not satisfied with the price offered, it would be adjudicated by the courts. In California power "at cost" was buried, not by "the private interest" vote, but in a referendum with 600,000 people voting. It was defeated with an overwhelming majority.

The expression "at cost" lacks one word. It should read "at *what* cost." Power "at cost" is the great slogan of Ontario. With the help of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission and its public accountants, after six months devoted to a review of official records, I discovered at *what* cost the people got the power. The weighted cost of electric energy generated and furnished by the Hydro-Electric Power Commission in the district of Ontario adjacent to Niagara Falls was found to be 1.1c. per kilowatt-hour, while for a district in New York State, adjacent to and comparable with the Ontario district, it was 0.765c. per kilowatt-hour, notwithstanding the latter was supplemented with steam-electric power to the extent of 40 per cent, while that of Canadian power was supplemented 15 per cent.

There are a dangerous few who think that if the electric utilities were governmentally owned power would be distributed to the people free from taxes, free from heavy annual interest charges, and free from high-salaried executives. First, with regard to taxes, the people now realize that if government-owned electric utilities are exempt from taxation, then they (the people) will have to pay those taxes on the investment made.

Second, in respect to a lower interest rate on money, suppose the State's credit permits a lower interest on its bonds than those issued by electric utility companies? Who ever saw a government construction completed under a regime as economic as that employed by private concerns in competition? Mr. Bruère has pointed to Ontario. I venture to hazard that even he did not know that of the total debt of the Province of Ontario, over 76 per cent is in the works of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, nor that the bonds of California electric utilities commanded a lower interest rate than those of Ontario's publicly owned 100 per cent mortgaged plants.

Now with regard to the high-salaried executives. The State pays low salaries and the service rendered the people is about in proportion to what it does pay. The expense associated with the executive departments of our electric utilities amounts to about 1 per cent of the total operating cost. Suppose we do allow one of these executives $25,000 to $30,000 a year, if his thirty years of experience can save five times that amount, would this not be economy?

The government was never intended to own, but to control business, and when I stood before Representative Good, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee, asking for the appropriation with which to make the Superpower Survey, he said something like this: "I am for this appropriation, and remember that while it is my belief that Congress should furnish this money with which to show how these savings can be effected, the United States Government should not be called upon to furnish one dollar toward the construction and operation of the superpower system. The government is interested in pointing the way toward these economies, but the building of the superpower system should be done by those in the power business."

WILLIAM S. MURRAY

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Bruère says that the question of household-heating is a "still-debated" question. By whom it is still debated, I do not know. The thermal efficiency of a steam-electric plant is about 15 per cent, and that of a good furnace in a house is 60 per cent. In other words, a ton of coal burned in a dwelling-house will do just as much heating as four tons of coal burned in an efficient power-house with the electricity transmitted to the house and then set free. Perhaps Mr. Bruère may have heard of some of the exceptional conditions in the Northwest where some of the hydro-electric plants have an excess of power and sell it to the ranches for heating. This, however, is an entirely different proposition from burning coal under a boiler to generate

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electricity for house-heating. Mr. Bruère states that "factories are beginning to raise steam by electricity." Where is it being done to any extent? The only case I know of is that of the Abitibi Paper Company in northern Ontario, which has two hydro-electric plants capable of developing 50,000 h.p.; 40,000 of this is at present being used for grinding the pulp wood and preparing the paper. Large quantities of coal are necessary in the drying operations, and inasmuch as they have this 10,000 extra horsepower, which practically costs them nothing, they are using it to help out the generation of steam for the drying of the paper. This, of course, is an exceptional case, and it may be that Mr. Bruère has this in mind.

We may rest assured that for many years to come the base-burning hard-coal stove and the hot-air or steam furnace in the cellar will be our main source of heating our homes, and that as long as it lasts we shall burn anthracite coal in the East and in part of the Middle West, and that our principal source of power will be hydro-electric and bituminous coal burned under boilers.

J. Parke Channing

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: The letters from Mr. Channing and Mr. Murray in alarmed criticism of my suggestion that electricity will some day be available for domestic heating reminds me of the expert opinions of a number of distinguished engineers in 1825 and 1829 with respect to the then novel invention by George Stephenson of the steam locomotive.

The utility engineers of England were practically a unit against the steam locomotive as scientifically and economically impractical. Mr. Murray's attitude of mind recalls the tremors of a friend of Stephenson who wrote in 1825: "It is far from my wish to promulgate to the world that the ridiculous expectations, or rather professions, of the enthusiastic speculist will be realized, and that we shall see engines traveling at the rate of twelve, sixteen, or eighteen miles an hour. Nothing could do more harm toward their general adoption and improvement than the promulgation of such nonsense."

Mr. Channing suggests that I may have heard of some of the exceptional conditions in the Northwest. I have. But as I shall show I have also heard of conditions, exceptional in a different sense, in such cities as Springfield, Illinois.

Space does not permit even a brief résumé of the data; I must be content with a few outstanding examples. First, let me take one of those exceptional instances to which Mr. Channing refers. On the Minidoka (Idaho) project of the United States Reclamation Service, electricity is being used by thousands of farmers and domestic consumers for all manner of purposes, including domestic heating. This has become possible, as Mr. Channing suggests, because the hydro-electric installation there was established by the government primarily for irrigation purposes and there was a surplus of current available for domestic use during the winter. But the significant thing about this project is that its managers were primarily concerned not with large direct profits on investment but with the convenience and prosperity of the small consumer, the farmers and business men throughout their territory. As to the technical aspects of the question such as the relative thermal advantages of coal and electricity, the Reclamation Service published an interesting statement as long ago as February, 1919, a few sentences of which will be of special interest to *The Nation's* readers.

> Available coal may be roughly assumed to contain 12,000 British thermal units per pound, or 24,000,000 per ton. After allowing for losses in heat that goes up the chimney, unburned coal in the ashes, waste due to holding the fire longer than needed, and to slacking in the coal pile, it is probably liberal to assume an efficiency of 33 1/3 per cent. . . . One hundred per cent of the *electrical* energy delivered to the heating device is converted in heat. . . . In other words, one ton of coal per month is equivalent to 4.9, or say 5, kilowatts when used for heating. This is borne out by experience on the Minidoka project. Thus electricity at $1.60 per month per kilowatt of maximum demand is on an equality with $8 coal.

With full by-product development of coal and the integration of hydro-electricity with steam electricity under a superpower system, current can be provided more cheaply as a rule than it can when hydro-electricity is the exclusive source of supply.

The root of the problem lies in the cheap rate. The municipally owned plant of the city of Tacoma provides electricity for cooking at 1c. per kilowatt hour and for combined cooking and heating at 1½c. The classic rate of our private utilities is 9c.-10c.

In the city of Springfield, Illinois, domestic consumers are getting their current for cooking at 1½c. per kilowatt hour. An official message of the city to the citizens says: "If you are building a new home, do not put in any gas pipes—use electricity. For there is nothing that gas can do that electricity will not do much better."

In a paper read before the convention of the Incorporated Municipal Electrical Association in Birmingham, England, as long ago as June, 1914, the chief electrical engineer of the corporation of Grimsby said:

> With the selection of a suitable tariff, the development of supply for heating will go ahead very rapidly. In several of the towns where the ½d. rate is in force, notably Southampton, the units sold run into big figures, and as the apparatus is comparatively cheap, there is undoubtedly an immediate future for this branch of supply. . . .

As the demand for electrical heating increases inventors will no doubt turn more and more from the electric light, which has so largely preoccupied them, to the problems of heating. Progress will necessarily depend upon the rate of invention, the cost of coal, the value the small consumer comes to place upon his time and convenience. But a repetition of the coal shortage of the past winter will lead domestic consumers to demand consideration at least equal to that which Mr. Channing and Mr. Murray claim for the vested utilities.

Mr. Murray goes out of his way to denounce the hydro-electric system of Ontario. In 1922 the National Electric Light Association published an elaborate report on the work of the Hydro-Electric Power Commission of Ontario, which was prepared by Mr. Murray with the assistance of his partner, Mr. Henry Flood, Jr. Immediately following the appearance of Mr. Murray's report, Sir Adam Beck, chairman of the Ontario Hydro-Electric Power Commission, published a thoroughgoing refutation. Among other things he said:

> Mr. Murray in his report makes grossly incorrect and misleading statements; he garbles documentary and other data and then employs them as premises from which to derive conclusions; he makes pronouncements based on comparisons so inadequate that they are puerile; he makes charges which he fails to substantiate; he ignores important factors, even disregarding most pertinent engineering data, and, in general, Mr. Murray adopts methods which are manifestly reprehensible and unprofessional. . . .
>
> Again, when Mr. Murray is discussing rates for light and power for certain places as compared with the rates for other places served through the Hydro-Electric Power Commission, he employs data which, rightly understood, totally discredit his conclusions. Mr. Murray, for example, states that, in 1920, the street lighting cost per capita in the city of Buffalo was 60 cents as compared with 67 cents per capita in the city of Toronto. Mr. Murray, however, does not inform his readers that in Buffalo more than one-half of the total number of street lights are gas or gasoline lamps, whereas in Toronto all the street lights are electric. . . . Had Mr. Murray used the figures necessary to effect a correct comparison then he would have had to say that, in 1920, the total cost of street lighting per capita in Buffalo was $1.15 and not 60 cents per capita, as he has incorrectly stated. . . .

There lies before me an apologetic letter under date of September 1, 1922, addressed by Mr. Murray to the National Electric Light Association referring to the errors exposed by the Ontario Hydro-Electric Commission. After admitting them he says: "They are, in my opinion, of inconsequential character." Are they? If the reader will send to Sir Adam Beck, 190 University Avenue, Toronto, for a copy of his Refutation of the Murray-N. E. L. A. report, he will be able to judge for himself.

Robert W. Bruere

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In the Driftway

THE undergraduate, the Drifter hears, is going to the dogs. He smokes, he drinks illicit liquor, he has forsaken the religion of his fathers, he looks upon the government of his country with suspicion, he trusts nobody, he believes in nothing; and his relations with persons of the opposite sex are thoroughly questionable. Glancing quickly over the young men and young women of his acquaintance the Drifter, while not pretending to be familiar with their secret vices, is bound to admit that they do not seem to be such a bad lot. His informants, however, speak with the ponderous and solemn voice of authority; the Drifter really does not feel in a position to argue. He is even willing to accept as a corollary of the statement that undergraduates are becoming progressively worse the theory that their progenitors, looking backwards, become progressively better. Allowing for a 10 per cent deterioration in each generation —which, if the critics are to be believed, is much too low for the present relapse—the age of undergraduate perfection must have occurred somewhere around the middle of the seventeenth century.

* * * * *

NOW, of course, the Drifter did not attend Cambridge with John Milton, but he has the word of Mr. David Masson ("The Life and Times of John Milton") that there were a good many rules in those days which would seem strange to the class of 1925.

In their conversation with each other, except during the hours of relaxation in their chambers, the students were required to use either Latin, or Greek, or Hebrew. When permitted to walk into the town, they were forbidden to go into taverns, or into the sessions; or to be present at boxing-matches, skittle-playings, dancings, bear-fights, cock-fights, and the like. . . . In their rooms they were not to read irreligious books; . . . nor to play at cards or dice. . . .

Is not this a pleasant picture of the perfect little gentleman; would not it be a good idea to adopt these regulations today? But, alas, what can it indicate that there was a very long and very severe list of penalties for infraction of the least of these? And can the following mean that perfection was not present at every gathering:

In Trinity College there was a regular service of corporal punishment in the hall every Thursday evening at seven o'clock, in the presence of all the undergraduates, on such junior delinquents as had been reserved for the ceremony during the week. . . .

* * * * *

THE Drifter is not one to shirk the truth, and he cannot conceal the fact that these rules, strict and admirable as they indubitably were, were evidently not enforced. "Smoking was an all but universal habit. . . . The amusements . . . included many of the forbidden games." Even the academic costume was sadly neglected:

At many colleges the undergraduates wore "new fashioned gowns of any color whatsoever, blue or green, or red or mixt, without any uniformity but in hanging sleeves; and their other garments light and gay, some with boots and spurs, others with stockings of diverse colors . . . and round rusty caps." Among graduates and priests also, as well as the younger students, "we have fair roses upon the shoe, long frizzled hair upon the head, broad spread bands upon the shoulders, and long large merchants' ruffs about the neck, with fair feminine cuffs at the wrist." . . . While, on the other hand, all the serious alike complained that "nicknaming and scoffing at religion and the power of godliness," nay, that "debauched and atheistical" principles prevailed. . . .

* * * * *

THE Drifter draws a sigh of disappointment and chagrin. Alas, for the age of perfection. Nor were matters much better a hundred years later. In an essay on the "University Smart," quoted from A. D. Godley's "Oxford in the Eighteenth Century," the Drifter reads:

Mr. Frippery . . . is a Smart of the first rank, and is one of those who come, in their academical undress, every morning between ten and eleven to Lyne's coffee-house: after which he takes a turn or two upon the Park . . . about one he dines alone in his chamber upon a boiled chicken . . . he allows himself an hour at least to dress in, to make his afternoon appearance at Lyne's: from whence he adjourns to Hamilton's about five: from whence . . . he goes to chapel, to shew how garterly he dresses, and how well he can chaunt. After prayers he drinks Tea with some celebrated toast, and then waits upon her to Maudlin Grove, or Paradise Garden, and back again. . . . He seldom eats any supper, and never reads anything but novels and romances.

* * * * *

THE Drifter had rather hoped to gather some material from a consideration of the Age of Perfection to make the modern undergraduate recognize the error of his ways. But somehow he doubts that he has been entirely successful.

THE DRIFTER

Correspondence

Harvard Liberals

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The Student Liberal Club of Harvard University which had never previously indorsed any policy except that of free speech, adopted on March 8, at a meeting specially called to consider the question, the following resolution, by a vote of 28 to 7:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of the Student Liberal Club of Harvard University any limitations which may be placed upon admission to Harvard University should not be based upon the race or religion of the applicants for admission."

The seven dissenting members filed a minority report on the ground that no definite stand should be taken until a report of the Select Committee to investigate the question of the limitation of the admission to Harvard had been rendered.

Cambridge, Mass., March 9 J. LAWRENCE DUNHAM, President

Weeding Out Radicalism

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is interesting to note the newest method for combating the evils of socialism and other radical movements put forward in connection with Garden Week, promoted through the *Garden Magazine*. The idea is this, to quote exactly: "A man, with a garden, working to make his home more attractive . . . (or if only endeavoring to raise vegetables for his family), has very little time for socialism."

Do you not think that it might be advisable to send the promoters of Garden Week some information about the radical farmers' organizations, whose members have lapsed into radical tendencies of thought while taking care of really stupendous, not mere amateurish vegetable gardens? Perhaps some of us readers may unite in making up a purse to send *The Nation* for a year to the editors of the *Garden Magazine*.

New York, March 3 J. MAX WEIS

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Dr. Grant and the Bishop's Dare

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Through the republication in the *Churchman*, Dr. Crapsey's letter of February 7 to *The Nation* has been brought to the attention of many church people. In justice to the Bishop of New York and to the church his statements should be corrected.

Dr. Crapsey in his letter said: "After reading Dr. Grant's plea to the charge of heresy brought against him the bishop finds that plea so ambiguous that he cannot tell whether Dr. Grant is a heretic or is not a heretic; and because of this ambiguity he dismisses the charge." This statement is erroneous. There was no charge; there was no defendant; there was no plea; there was no dismissal.

The Bishop of New York did not make a charge. He made inquiry as to an offense. The objectionable statements of Dr. Grant which have been the subject of inquiry and rebuke by the Bishop of New York up to the date of this writing may be summed up in the words "that Jesus had not the power of God." Even we of the laity know, and surely Dr. Crapsey knows, that orthodox theology recognizes the view that the Son of God laid aside at some points the fulness of divine power in order to fulfil His self-assumed human estate. Therefore, however offensive Dr. Grant's words may be on this point, even laymen recognize that they did not of themselves constitute heresy. The Bishop of New York wrote to Dr. Grant asking what he meant. Dr. Grant refused to add the words necessary to make his statement heretical. In other words, he would not commit heresy when he had the chance. The Bishop of New York then of necessity advised him that the matter would rest for the present.

That a bishop declines to order a trial of heresy when the suspected party flatly refuses to commit heresy does not seem to disclose a new principle of ecclesiastical law, as Dr. Crapsey claims, but rather the old principle of common law—don't indict a man until you have probable evidence.

It would therefore seem that Dr. Crapsey must remain "the last of the heretics," as he calls himself, until those seeking to make people nervous by threatening to commit heresy screw their courage to the sticking-point and commit it.

New York, February 27 CHARLES C. MARSHALL

The Cult of the Carpenter

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Bishop William T. Manning, at a recent dinner of the Church Club at the Waldorf-Astoria, there being some eight hundred present, including Reverends and Right-Reverends from far and near, took occasion to refer to recent theological differences as to the divinity of Christ. He announced that the church would take definite action if any of her ministerial officers should deny the deity of Christ "in words, clear, courageous, and unambiguous." In this connection he used the involved statement of the Nicene Creed, "God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God."

It is told very simply in the Gospel record that on a certain occasion "There ran one to him, and kneeled to him, and asked him, 'Good Master what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life.'" Jesus might have told him "You must believe that I am 'God of God, Light of Light, Very God of Very God.'" Instead he said "Why callest thou me good? none is good save one, even God." Since then many have found it easy to say that Christ was "God of God," but very few have brought themselves to believe that what he further told his inquirer as to the way of life was true either in letter or in spirit. It has always been easier to say "Lord, Lord," than to do the will of the Father.

To the layman who finds himself unable to understand even his own spiritual nature, the quotation from the Creed as applied to Christ seems exaggerated, unintelligible, and not justified by anything found in that simple story of the young Hebrew mechanic who was more richly endowed with what impresses us as the divine spirit than any other son of man.

If it be that dignitaries of the church and a certain order of devout minds find spiritual help or light in expressing their faith in the language of the ancient creeds, that is their right. On the other hand there would seem to be no reason why those who are intellectually unable with honesty to so express their faith, should deny or contest the statement. That is if Dr. Grant or Dr. Fosdick or others cannot conscientiously believe in formulas that seem very precious to others equally conscientious, it would not seem to be their duty to deny these formulas in "words, clear, courageous, and unambiguous," nor is it apparent that any good could come from such denial. It would seem better always to preach affirmations rather than negations; to preach beliefs, not disbeliefs. To some it appears a matter of much more concern to know how to live such lives as Christ would approve rather than with our very inadequate intellectual powers to attempt correctly to state the precise extent of Christ's participation in the divine nature.

It is not a gracious thing to cavil at the cost of others' self-indulgence, but at this time when stark famine is in other lands and little children of helpless parents are slowly dying for lack of food there seems somehow a ghastly incongruity for intelligent followers of Christ to pay eight dollars a plate for dainty feasting, and at the same time applaud the glad news that the church will call to account any cleric who denies an ancient credal statement as to the nature of Christ's divinity.

Montclair, N. J., February 13 THOMAS CONYNGTON

The American Parallel

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Again Secretary Hughes is alleged to be willing to recognize the Russian Government, subject to a proviso that it assumes certain indebtedness. Supposedly Mr. Hughes has read history and must have heard that in 1865, after some years of existence, the Southern Confederacy, having issued many bonds, became reestablished in the United States of America. So far not a single one of its bonds has been redeemed either by individual States or by the Federal Government, though rumor does say that $20,000 in Confederate notes was once tendered for $20,000 bonds presented for payment at the treasury of a Southern State. No nation, however, refused recognition to our Government in consequence of its declining to assume the Confederacy's debts. If it be argued that the debts became canceled by the extinction of the government incurring them, the Russians might easily retort that the overthrow of the Czar's and all former governments equally canceled the debts incurred by them. The Monroe Message of 1823 demands the recognition of ll *de facto* governments.

Pacific Grove, California, March 23 EDWARD BERWICK

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Books

The American Rhythm

The American Rhythm. By Mary Austin. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.60.

MARY AUSTIN is a true mystic when it comes to American poetry. She is thorough. She is ready to sacrifice all that we have for the sake of something that we might have if we saw poetry and America as she sees them. Her essay, together with her "Amerindian Songs" and her "Songs in the American Manner," is an attempt to translate her vision into words. Though it is not wholly successful—the vision is difficult, and words never were Mrs. Austin's forte—it is impressive, and though it is not convincing it is great.

As Mrs. Austin sees poetry, it is something unspeakably more profound than the intellect, than exercises which reproduce nature through verbal imitation, than performances by a selected, self-conscious caste of writers. First of all, it is physical. Rhythm—and rhythm is the whole of poetry—is a matter of blood and breath and bowels. "The Dawn Man drew the Seven Arts out of his own entrails." And if most poetry today is insignificant, the reason is

> "No guts . . .
> Perhaps that's why we have no poets now
> Can grip the people with creative pain;
> But star cold music such as Sterling makes,
> Or the free versifier's choice, eviscerated phrases,
> Or braying of maimed voices,
> Hybrids of art and sociology,
> Blaming the world and us for their lost potency.
> Dante and Homer and Isaiah came
> When the effective motions of man's mind,
> Courage, remorse, compassion,
> Lived each in its vital organ,
> Where the Kingdom of God is, in the midst of us.
> What else is music but the pang—
> Wrung from the entrails of some poor, dead beastie—
> By which the outgoing sense of things
> Catches you in the midrif?
>
> God, when He first began to make Him creatures,
> Fashioned them of guts.
> A little pulse, a little pouch for food,
> A film between them and the Universe.
> Brain, motion, and the serviceable hand,
> So many figures of the dance
> Of the red-gutted microcosms,
> Throbbing to rhythms long rehearsed,—
> The soul—a song our viscera makes to God."

That is from one of the "Songs in the American Manner." In the second place, poetry is social. It is "affective" rather than "effective," its purpose being not to demonstrate the cleverness of an individual but to produce and sustain collective states. The Indians knew this. "Among the Navaho there is a nine-day performance designed to make the smell of a man's own tribe seem a good smell to him, which is hopefully recommended to our young intellectuals." In the third place, poetry is the effort of man to understand and throb with his environment. In her search for the origins of the artistic impulse Mrs. Austin rejects sex and hunger ("the mating-urge" and "the belly-pull") in favor of something that absorbed the Dawn Man infinitely more—"the realization of himself in relation to the Allness." The truest American poets have been the Indians, who were aware of the soil, the wind, the rhythm of the world they lived in as no white man ever has been—until today.

"I became convinced as early as the first years of the present century that American poetry must inevitably take, at some period of its history, the mold of Amerind verse, which is the mold of the American experience shaped by the American environment." Twenty years ago Mrs. Austin predicted an American poetry which should prove that America had "taken." She predicted a new set of cadences in which the strokes of the ax and the paddle, the "foot-pace on the earth," and the long, slow sway of corn should supplant the sword-note and the lute-note of Europe. She predicted a free verse in which the disposition of the poet should be "to arrange his words along the landscape line, the line shaped by its own inner necessities." She predicted Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Sherwood Anderson, Amy Lowell, and Edgar Lee Masters. And now she predicts much more of all this; we are only at the dawn.

It is well to hesitate here. Mystics have a way of being terribly right, or else terribly wrong. It is doubtless for the best that Mrs. Austin does not have the disposal of poetry in her power; for she is ruthless, and would destroy a great deal that conceivably is of value. Just what the ax-stroke or the paddle-stroke or the foot-pace or the corn-stalk or the blast-furnace has to do with Mr. E. A. Robinson, for instance, is not plain; Mr. Robinson might have to go, along with Milton, Pope, and Browning. The intellect has its emotions, social or unsocial, and in the long run they may turn out to be paramount. Mrs. Austin is concerned with the long run only. Hence, wrong or right, her importance. She has issued a challenge which will make every honest American poet stop to examine himself. And that is an excellent thing.

MARK VAN DOREN

Our Wasteful World

The Decay of Capitalist Civilization. By Sidney and Beatrice Webb. Harcourt, Brace and Company. $1.75.

IN the final paragraph of this book Mr. and Mrs. Webb explain why they have turned aside from their specialist researches in local government and economic reconstruction to launch their formidable indictment of capitalist civilization. In the years before the war important modifications of the social-economic system in Britain were taking place under the pressure of popular power: rapid extensions of the right of free association in trade unionism and cooperation; a various development of municipal enterprise; the establishment for large sections of the workers of minimum wages, maximum hours, provisions for old age, sickness, unemployment, education, health, and recreation upon a scale of growing liberality by public services. The restraints and burdens thus imposed for purposes of public welfare upon the unfettered play of private profit-making enterprises were acquiesced in at the time by timid employers. But the immense destruction of wealth in the war, the high taxation that followed, and unemployment produced by the bad peace have inspired the employing class to enforce wage reductions and other worse conditions of employment, while serious encroachments have been made upon the public funds for health, education, and other social services. Above all, a not unsuccessful attempt has been made to discredit the state as an instrument for business administration or control, and to reassert the superiority of private enterprise for purposes of wealth production.

Now, there are other considerations more vital to civilization than quantity of wealth. Mr. and Mrs. Webb show by a most convincing diagnosis how modern capitalism has eaten away the personal liberty and safety of the mass of workers, has jeopardized their health, degraded their manners and ideals, and made them subservient not only in body but in mind to a diminishing number of masters, the employing and financial oligarchy, which in Britain, as in America, holds economic, political and social sway. I need hardly say that this is no rhetorical tirade, but a carefully condensed and documented charge. Its central counts are that capitalism is fatal to those elements of liberty and equality essential in a sound society. How should it be otherwise? "Give a man power over my sub-

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sistence and he has power over the whole of my moral being," said Alexander Hamilton.

The real difficulty is to get a realizing sense of responsibility for these social wrongs into the minds of men habituated to conceive the capitalism in which they have grown and thriven as the only possible method of economic life. "It alone can produce the goods—not only profit for themselves, but progressive wealth for the community." Such is the rooted conviction which the Webbs have set themselves to undermine in a remarkable exposure of the unproductiveness and wastefulness of the existing system.

It is wrongly held that the case for socialism *versus* capitalism hinges upon the belief that social service would be as strong an individual motive toward efficient work as private gain. A great letting down of individual efficiency either in management or workers would obviously be fatal to public services. But some moderate remission of the high pressure of modern industrialism upon most workers would yield a net increase of human welfare, provided it were accompanied by the saving of the enormous wastes in the general operation of capitalism. These wastes are inherent in the system of private enterprise for profit. First, comes the extravagant abuse of the natural resources of the country, the wastage of soil, destruction of vegetation, the reckless use of minerals, the poisoning of air and water. Still more flagitious is the waste of labor-power by the alternating periods of over-pressure and unemployment, with the insecurity of life, which are the characteristics of competitive capitalism. This waste is by no means confined to manual labor. The loss of effective productivity of our brain-workers, scientists, inventors, technicians, administrators is probably more detrimental to the net output of goods and services. These wastes were great under competitive capitalism. But now that in most advanced industries competition has given place to combination the social losses are heavier. For combination brings a policy of ca' canny and sabotage on the part of capital, as well as among the organized workers. If bricklayers lay fewer bricks than they could the building rings cause a wholesale shortage of houses by the monopoly prices they place on building materials. Everywhere it becomes more profitable to restrict output and limit supplies than to encourage high productivity. Where competition still prevails, especially in foreign trade, the waste of recurrent over-production with prolonged unemployment and deterioration of labor comes into the social account. The constant tendency toward excessive production is exhibited in an elephantiasis of the distributive trades, including the insane expansion of selling agencies, advertising, etc. Those who would settle offhand the issue between socialism and capitalism by comparing the efficiency of an up-to-date business firm with a municipal or state service fail to take these wider factors into consideration. Nor do they fairly treat the claims of modern socialism to overcome the maladies of centralized bureaucracy by a genuinely representative control in which workers of head and hand, with consumers, shall have their part.

It may well be true that, even when due allowance is made for these neglected factors, the case for organizing industry as a whole for public service instead of private profit is not convincing. I do not personally hold that any single system can usefully be applied to industry "as a whole." The broad distinction which, I think, emerges from close inquiry is that between industries which have passed out of the truly competitive stage and those which have not. The former are ripe for some form of social ownership and administration, in order to safeguard the interests of worker and consumer. The latter are best left to private enterprise, with such protection of the worker and consumer as experience proves to be necessary and feasible. The real danger of uncontrolled capitalism lies in the power of the former group. And that danger, as the Webbs show, is by no means confined to the economic maladies already disclosed. The control of the political instruments, especially of foreign policy, by organized trade and finance is an inevitable outcome of capitalism. "It is not too much to say that the struggle for pecuniary profit among rival groups of capitalist entrepreneurs may be recognized as having been the most potent cause, though usually an underlying and partially hidden cause, of recent international conflicts, including in particular, the culminating calamity of 1914-18." How many years' imprisonment would these words have won for their authors had they been uttered in America six years ago? One of the most trenchant arguments for the suppression of capitalism in the interests of civilization is contained in their chapter entitled The Capitalist System as a Cause of War, in which the maladies of economic imperialism are subjected to a thorough diagnosis by the best equipped of our modern economists. J. A. HOBSON

A Pilgrim's Progress

Skeeters Kirby. By Edgar Lee Masters. The Macmillan Company. $2.

MR. MASTERS in his latest novel is still bent upon the project of rescuing "'Spoon River' from the coldness and the dreariness of village morality." The progress of the hero, Skeeters Kirby, from a village yokel of twelve to a distinguished international figure in literature and the law, is in effect a guerrilla warfare between the libertarian and the reformer. The novel suggests a too recently overturned puritan conscience in its sentimental apology for sensuality, but it at least reconstructs, in a manner that should gratify old New England, the faith that human life is a pilgrimage onward from depths to heights, sloughing off falsehoods by the way and gradually assuming a pure radiance of reality. It is, however, reality with a distinction.

This second novel resumes the account of the life of Kirby where Mr. Masters left off in "Mitch Miller." The earlier story chronicled the discovery of the names of people and things and the gradual unfolding of the actual and imaginative life of boyhood. It ended with the death of Kirby's chum and leader, Mitch Miller. In the continuation of the development of Kirby Mr. Masters indulges in a refinement on the myth of the self-made man. His hero has gone one step farther than the poor boy of the older novels. Instead of becoming rich only, he becomes cultured also.

Mr. Masters does not make the mistake of initiating the struggles of Kirby against an overdrawn background. Kirby carries on his studies of Latin, Greek, and philosophy, it is true, against the entire force of parental and village prejudice. However, the two generations preceding him are sympathetically drawn into the picture; it is a generous adaptation of Samuel Butler's "The Way of All Flesh" to the Middle Western heredity and environment. Kirby's grandmother is in the vein of the pioneers of "Spoon River" whose epitaphs in a vein of unconscious greatness of spirit give a real if somewhat generalized religious flavor to Mr. Master's evaluations. Kirby has faith in his grandmother and relates his problems and difficulties to her serenity as to the one large absolute of his life.

The somewhat factitious introduction of an evolutionary technique in symbolical language lends weight to a suspicion of idealization of the principal character who relates the story of his life in the first person. Mr. Masters archly confides in his introduction that this book is "about myself and lots of others." He undertakes to relate his character to individuals as well as to society.

Kirby's career at the law reveals to him the "blasphemous lies and the lancinating injustices" of that profession. His friends and his family are ingeniously dedicated, in spite of themselves, to Kirby's advancement.

In attempting to define the relation between man and woman, Mr. Masters introduces no less than six love affairs, ranging from adolescence to maturity, and for good measure leads Kirby unscathed through the Chicago red-light district and

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rescues him from a too rapturous landlady. Kirby's engagement to a wealthy but prudish girl opens the way to a long disquisition on the inanities and chicaneries of the rich. His marriage to another woman not only affords pages of sage remarks about the institution, but leads to a divorce, which is in its turn interpreted and summarized.

One can appreciate the position of the beloved object who observes to Kirby: "You are a mystic and you reach out for raptures and solaces and blisses beyond the world." She doubtless feels that her love is too personal to become merged in a grandiose "radiant flame rising above the red fires, the black smoke of lust and hate and care, envy, rivalry, anxiety, melancholy." Kirby is dropped at the age of thirty-three, already looking back over his life, wondering if he had not been chiefly at fault in all the dissensions in friendship, the cessation of relationships along his way. As a final resolution of his muddle he reaches toward Goethe and murmurs: "I wanted to earn my freedom and existence by daily conquering them anew."

JOHN W. CRAWFORD

Books in Brief

Roosevelt as the Poets Saw Him. Edited by Charles Hanson Towne. Assisted by Clara Thackeray Hillman. Charles Scribner's Sons. $1.50.

A picturesque and indeed fascinating volume, but its title-page should be: "The Worst in American Poetry, 1886-1921." With the notable exceptions of Mr. Robinson, Mr. Masters, and a few others, the poets who sang to Roosevelt, like most poets who have sung to public men, were heroically uninspired. Many of the tributes are to Roosevelt's virility, and without exception these ring false.

Parodies on Walt Whitman. Compiled by Henry S. Saunders. Preface by Christopher Morley. American Library Service. $2.25.

A work of research, and a profoundly amusing tribute to Whitman's vogue. Parodies are given from as far back as 1860, and as far away as Oxford and Cambridge. The best perhaps are by H. C. Bunner and Richard Grant White, though many obscure, anonymous persons did nearly as well.

Nature in American Literature. Studies in the Modern View of Nature. By Norman Foerster. The Macmillan Company. $1.75.

"Humanistic," pedestrian analysis of the philosophies of nature underlying Bryant, Whittier, Emerson, Thoreau, Lowell, Whitman, Lanier, Muir, and Burroughs.

Old Morocco and the Forbidden Atlas. By C. E. Andrews. George Doran and Company. $3.

Is the Sahara to displace the South Seas as the land of romance and mystery? The crop of books about its desert tribes and waste spaces is almost as abundant. Mr. Andrews begins his book: "What I love is a minaret, a mosque in the blue moonlight, a white-domed saint's tomb sleeping in the sun, an old fountain beautiful with broken bits of faience, and beside it a Moslem girl muffled in a white veil, except for her deep, dark eyes, filled with the wonder of life and the sadness of the world." And in this sentimental mood he leads us to Marakesh, with its ancient towers and minarets, and then, with a French comrade in adventure, an ancient Berber patriarch, and an eight-year-old Berber girl, across the Atlas into the forbidden land of the Souss, where fear of the mighty French has preceded French arms. Rose laurel by the riverside, green gardens beneath bare mountain-sides, mud-walled kasbas—these he pictures; and he punctuates his narrative with Arab songs and legends, very prettily. But if you would learn what these Arabs and Berbers think or what is the course of empire in Morocco you must seek elsewhere.

The Coast of Eden. By Robert L. Duffus. The Macmillan Company. $2.

Although Mr. Duffus's latest book is free from certain crudities of style that marred his first novel, yet it is lacking in the vitality and the emotional intensity of his earlier work. "Roads Going South," which appeared about a year ago, was pervaded with a fire and a glow of feeling that raised it distinctly above the average of current fiction; "The Coast of Eden" is built up of more prosaic material, and mediocrity is in its very fiber. In theme the two novels are distinctly similar; both deal with the struggles of youth, its gusty strength and its faltering weakness, its idealism, its selfishness, and its conflict with parental authority; but "Roads Going South" is more moving, more significant, more charged with the stuff of which bright visions and red-hot desires are made.

ERRATA

In *The Nation* of March 21, 1923, the reviewer misquoted some verses from "Going-to-the-Sun," by Mr. Vachel Lindsay. The correct version is:

"There is humor in the very biggest rooster,
But even more magnificence than fun.
I laugh because he acted like a rooster.
I am solemn for he was the biggest one.
I like a rooster or a turkey gobbler,
I like their forthright impudence at times.
They are neither larks, nor trilling nightingales,
And yet they always sing in splendid rhymes.
When I heard the vast bird of the sunrise crying,
The world held not one inch of silly prose.
Any rooster is a flowerlike fowl,
And this one was a crimson Yankee rose."

"He ate an apple, threw away the core.
Then turned and smiled and slackly watched it fall
Into a crevice of the mountain wall."

"The Late Matthew Pascal" (Il Fu Mattia Pascal), by Luigi Pirandello, erroneously announced in *The Nation* of April 11 as a Boni and Liveright publication, is published by E. P. Dutton and Company.

Music

Grand Opera

IT is so very simple for "grand" opera to be nothing but "grand"; as "grand" in the being as a civic ceremonial or an academic investiture, and as stilted, pompous, and dull. The choristers move in a body or stand still in serried ranks, emulating the mechanized obedience of soldiers on parade. The tenor addresses the galleries with arms outspread in the vast beginning of a meaningless embrace. The soprano will not deign to reach to a note above the staff without signalizing the feat by pointing solemnly to the northwest, or release it again without honoring in similar manner the southeast. The baritone rages like a windmill in a gale, while the basso towers in cryptic immobility, uttering deep groans. How often have "Tannhäuser," "Lohengrin," "Aïda" meant just this vacuous "grandeur."

Then, why wonder that when a singer happens along who can persuade you for so much as a moment that this stiff and formalized panorama of far-fetched story, which somebody or other has supposed essential to a fabric of hugely pretending sound, actually bears a serious relation to life, indeed portrays life, if not precisely the life of Flatbush and East Orange, and, furthermore, criticizes life, the confirmed opera-goer rises promptly in his place and with a gladsome shout proclaims that singer blessèd? Sometimes it is an eruption from music hall or cabaret that bursts into the "grandeur" of opera with the vividness of flame, bringing "pep" and "punch" and more than

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a slap or two. And in that decorous and solemn milieu it makes an amazing effect. I have seen things applauded wildly in "grand" opera that would be passed over as merely ordinary by the average vaudeville audience. Wheresoever may lie the source and origin, there is certain to be rejoicing among the customers of an opera house when into the constellation swims a singer dowered with the prodigal gift of life.

To the Metropolitan Opera House there have come lately from Germany two singing actors who thoroughly deserve to be styled artists, for they relate "grand" opera to art—how often is that done?—and through art to life. I mean Barbara Kemp and Michael Bohnen. They are not recruited from the cabarets and the music halls of Berlin and Munich; their operatic pedigrees are, judged by conventional standards, unexceptionable (though Mr. Bohnen to his lyric labors has added the valuable supplementary experience of the movies). But had they both hailed from vaudeville stage or circus ring direct, they could not have been more vital and compelling than they are, albeit their methods would undoubtedly have been different.

Mme. Kemp and Mr. Bohnen first revealed to us the measure of their abilities in the "Mona Lisa" of Max von Schillings, that operatic commentary on Leonardo's portrait of the lady with the enigmatic smile. Musically this piece (which had not been done in America before) is unimportant—German Puccini with the Italian's genius left out. Dramatically it is a thriller that reduces "Tosca," "Pagliacci," and "La Navarraise" to the potency of skimmed milk. A Florentine lady in the cinquecento, whom Leonardo has painted; a jealous husband, older and ruthless, who is a celebrated fancier of pearls; a young emissary of the Pope, dispatched to the husband to acquire for the Holy Father a pearl from his priceless collection; a pearl vault, burglar-proof, air-proof—these are the materials from which Beatrice Dovsky, Herr von Schillings's resourceful librettist, fashions the drama. And before her she has Balzac's terrifying story of "La Grande Bretèche," just as Mrs. Wharton had when she wrote "The Duchess at Prayer."

In a word, what happens is this: Overseeing (if one may say so) the Pope's messenger in amorous discourse with Mona Lisa, Messer Francesco del Giocondo promptly proceeds to their punishing. It is (I jump to the conclusion without indicating the determining strategy) to shut the young man within the certain suffocation of the pearl vault before the eyes of Giocondo's tormented wife. But the Dovsky story doesn't stop there. Mona Lisa (again to jump to the conclusion) the next day so contrives that she can shut Francesco in his turn into the airless vault. Then she shrieks at him across the thickness of the great door the frantic imprecations of her accomplished vengeance, and turns to Savonarola and repentance. Whatever else you may think of this super-melodrama of the Florentine Renaissance, it obviously demands acting. That the authors chose to name it after the most famous picture in the world is merely an enriching circumstance—if they were Americans, Europe would hasten to say an advertising stunt! It serves, for one thing, to allot their opera to a time and a place that still cast a more potent imaginative spell than Spuyten Duyvil or even Potsdam, 1923, and, then, every spectator is sure to be keenly interested in seeing how nearly the prima donna succeeds in looking like the Leonardo portrait.

This requirement Mme. Kemp meets remarkably well. If her features do not quite achieve a perfect counterfeit of the lady in the Louvre (Mona Lisa has a more generous width of mouth and jaw), her face is nevertheless distinctly a Leonardo—rather the Saint Anne or the Virgin of the Rocks. (But haven't we Pater's word for it that they are all one and the same woman?) Shrewdly garbed in imitation of the portrait—even though the colors in the picture itself have now fused into a single green-brown monotone—Mme. Kemp produces a startling effect at her entrance as she advances trance-like through the great hall of Francesco del Giocondo's Florentine villa.

This pictorial quality seems always to be an important element of Mme. Kemp's art. As Elsa in "Lohengrin," she has the head of a Memling madonna, and something of that primitive suggestion gives just the right touch of strangeness to her Kundry the Enchantress in the second act of "Parsifal." She thus wins half the battle at first glance by looking her part. The histrionic method of Mme. Kemp is notable for an economy of gesture that amounts to parsimony. And yet the wink of an eyelash or the crook of a finger registers as in an etching. She is intense, focussed, aflame with a fire that is inward. Not a hint of operatic convention lingers about this woman. Though in the nature of things the technic of acting cannot but differ somewhat between the drama that is spoken and the drama that is sung, Mme. Kemp actually persuades one that she might excel no less as Lady Macbeth or as the blind Anna in "La Città Morta" than as the lyric Lisa, Kundry, and Elsa. One could imagine her doing supremely well a Hilda Wangel or the "strange woman" of "When We Dead Awake," or even a Hedda Gabler. It is easy to gather how far such a woman is from the hack methods of the typical prima donna.

Mme. Kemp's voice is the faithful mirror of the moods of music and text. It is rarely a sensuous voice, but it is always a voice that means something. At the risk of speaking pedagogically, one may point out that a certain trick of vocal emission not at all unusual with German or German-trained sopranos, a sort of perpendicular mouthing of the words in strenuous passages (and in some passages that are less strenuous), which tightens and hardens the singer's tone and makes for explosive utterance without really achieving the desired bigness, is the bane of Mme. Kemp as a vocalist. But she sings around this peculiarity with an expressiveness that is rare indeed.

Michael Bohnen, who each time so far as been paired with Mme. Kemp, is first of all a personality in opera. He suggests Chaliapin and Ruffo in his innate force and magnetism. He is a man of impressive presence, without being really very tall. His dramatic method is in general broader, freer, than the etched perfection of Mme. Kemp's, but he too has his subtlety. As Francesco del Giocondo he is an enormously authoritative stage figure, and he runs a velvet gamut of the cunning, the cruelty, the jealous passion of the Florence of the cinquecento. *Per contra*, his Gurnemanz in "Parsifal" and his King Henry in "Lohengrin" are simply full to overflowing of the milk of human kindness. He actually takes those prize specimens of the genus operatic bore (at least, as they are usually presented) and by sheer dint of his infectious humanity and his expressively beautiful singing makes them absolutely charming! A "Parsifal" audience gossiping of garrulous old Gurnemanz as if he, not Kundry, were the thrilling feature of the afternoon (and that is no slur upon the artistic prowess of Mme. Kemp) is not only new in Metropolitan history, but almost improper! And yet the first Gurnemanz here of Michael Bohnen you might have supposed from the excited comment in the lobbies a Carmen of a just discovered Calvé or another Chaliapin in one of his high Satanic variations! Again, King Henry, solicitously tender of the afflicted Elsa, passionately eager that justice be done on the banks of Scheldt, gives a quite novel color to the first act of "Lohengrin." Moreover, Mr. Bohnen is a genuine singer. Officially they classify him as a bass-baritone, and for once that amorphous term has shape and meaning. His upper tones are of a trumpet brilliance, and yet his voice possesses the depth to plumb successfully the basso profundo of King Henry.

There is no doubt that Mme. Kemp and Mr. Bohnen will add to the Metropolitan gallery other portraits as striking as those I have touched on. Sieglinde, Brünnhilde, Donna Anna, perhaps a Marschallin in "Der Rosenkavalier," perhaps the Salome praised of Strauss himself, are easy predictions for Mme. Kemp, besides the Isolde and the Aïda for which she has been announced here, but at the present writing has not yet done. Generous, too, are the prospects for Mr. Bohnen. Hans Sachs is sure and Czar Boris is rumored. These two new artists from Germany have in New York torn with dramatic spears the slumbrous shroud of an opera that is so undiscourageably "grand."

PITTS SANBORN

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Drama

Review II

TO consider the more or less notable American plays of the passing season is to be forced to the reflection that our native production of dramas that, in any deep sense, exist is still very meager. There is Eugene O'Neill, with whose "Beyond the Horizon" two years ago the new movement in our drama may be said to have started. Susan Glaspell remains aloof, solitary, unheralded, despite the fact that judges not to be despised consider "Bernice," "Inheritors," "The Verge" not only the best but the deepest of American plays. Leaving these two we come upon accidents, fragments, unfulfilled promises. Thus Miss Zoë Aken abandoned the charm and imaginative irony of "Papa," abandoned the wholesome veracity of the first two acts of "Daddy's Gone A-Hunting," fell into sheer meretriciousness, and only this season in "A Texas Nightingale" recovered faint echoes of her first and happiest manner. Miss Rachel Crothers always leaves one with a sense that she has much to say that is important and true in dramatic form but will not say it from sheer fear of the popular theater. In "Mary 3rd" she at last sets out to be truly expressive and then casts her expressiveness to the winds. There remain George Kaufman and Marc Connelly, whose "Dulcy," "To The Ladies," and "Merton of the Movies" betray an admirable comic gift always exercised in fear of its own best qualities, always restrained in the service of mere popularity.

Leaving these we come to single pieces, to accidents. Such, too, was the danger of the modern drama in England. No second plays followed the powerful and searching "Chains" of Elizabeth Baker, the "Rutherford and Son" of Githa Sowerby. Mr. Arthur Richman wrote "Ambush"; Mr. Theodore Dreiser wrote "The Hand of the Potter"; Mr. Henry Myers wrote "The First Fifty Years," and Mr. Gilbert Emery "The Hero." In "A Serpent's Tooth" Mr. Richman still showed traces of austerity and power. Then he wrote "The Awful Truth" and for the present, at least, left the ranks of serious dramatists. Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Emery have been silent. It would have been better had Mr. Myers remained silent, too.

I come to the present season. Mr. Leon Cunningham's "Hospitality" and Mr. Lewis Beach's "A Square Peg" were, the first in a moderate, the second in a high degree, prophetic of what a sound and delightful American folk-drama might be. Both broke down toward the end; both surrendered to the supposed demands of the popular theater; both had abundant truth and vitality. They carry on the admirable methods and moods inaugurated in "Beyond the Horizon" and "Ambush." Will they, too, be isolated works, swallows that herald a spring that never arrives? There is the problem, there the danger.

Whence does that danger come? From easy things to define. A very gifted dramatist meets you and this is what he lets you understand: "The good play I wrote lasted six weeks. I've got to write a rotten show now to make money. Then I'll write something good again. Wait and see." I wait but I don't see. Art is a life to be lived. That platitude happens to be true. Cheapness, corruption, concessions weaken and stain the mind.

Of Mr. Elmer Rice a somewhat different story is to be told. He, too, has written cheap and ugly things. But he has always written them with a sense of rebellion; he has always hastened back with an uncommon devotion to his real and utterly unacknowledged aims. Hence it is pleasant to welcome the artistic and intellectual success of "The Adding Machine" and to express the hope that it will be creatively fruitful. The last newcomer is Mr. Lawson, author of "Roger Bloomer." His play failed on Broadway. If he lets that failure swerve him we shall lose him as we have lost others. But perhaps these others will return. I should like to end on a note of encouragement. It would be a great season for our native drama that brought us plays in their best manner, wrought out by the use of their serenest power, from the hands of Arthur Richman, Henry Myers, Gilbert Emery, Henry Gribble, Leon Cunningham, Lewis Beach and John Lawson. If to these were added new works by Eugene O'Neill, Susan Glaspell, Zoë Aken, Elmer Rice, Kaufman and Connelly, the American drama would begin to rival the American novel in both artistic and cultural import and power.

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International Relations Section

Guaranteeing Peace in Europe

WE print below the Treaty of Mutual Guaranty as drafted by Lord Robert Cecil for the consideration of the Disarmament Commission of the League of Nations.

I. General

1. The High Contracting Parties hereby agree that if any one of them is attacked all the others will forthwith take such action as they may respectively have agreed to take in accordance with this treaty and any treaty supplementary hereto, provided that this obligation shall be conditional upon the reduction of the military forces of the party attacked as provided hereafter.

2. In consideration of the undertaking contained in the immediately preceding article each of the High Contracting Parties shall forthwith reduce its military forces maintained in time of peace in the manner and to the extent set out for each of them in the annex hereto, and shall not thereafter increase them in time of peace without the consent of the Council of the League of Nations.

3. Each of the High Contracting Parties agrees to receive such military representatives of the League of Nations as the Council may desire to appoint, and undertakes to furnish these representatives with such information regarding its armaments as the Council may from time to time require.

II. Menace in Time of Peace

(General)

4. In the event of any of the High Contracting Parties regarding itself as menaced by the preparations or action of whatever kind of any other state, whether a party to this treaty or not, or as being on account of its geographical position or for other reasons in a position of peculiar danger, it may so inform the Secretary General of the League of Nations, who shall forthwith summon a meeting of the Council of the League.

5. If the Council, by not less than a three-fourths majority, shall be of opinion that there is reasonable ground for thinking that the said preparations or action constitute a menace as alleged, or that the applying state is in a position of peculiar danger, they shall at the request of such state negotiate a special treaty supplementary hereto for affording adequate protection for the menaced state against the danger to which it is exposed. This special treaty shall be in the form of a military convention making detailed provision for military support for the menaced state in case it is attacked.

6. Any special treaty made in pursuance of Article 5 shall be construed as one with this treaty, but shall in no way limit the general obligations of the High Contracting Parties.

7. In the event of any High Contracting Party making the application to the Council referred to in Article 4 all the obligations assumed by such High Contracting Party, including that of Article 2, and all the obligations assumed by the other High Contracting Parties in respect of such High Contracting Party, shall be suspended, if it so desires, until the special supplementary treaty which it requests shall have entered into force.

III. Menace in Time of Peace

(Due to maintenance of armaments in excess of those allowed in the annex hereto.)

8. In the event of the High Contracting Parties being of opinion that the military preparations of any state party to this treaty are in excess of the armaments permitted to the said state in accordance with the annex hereto, it may so inform the Secretary General of the League of Nations, who shall forthwith summon a meeting of the Council of the League.

9. If the Council, by not less than a three-fourths majority, shall be of opinion that there is reasonable ground for thinking that the said preparations are so in excess, they shall make such representations to the government concerned as they may think right.

10. If the majority of the Council is not satisfied within six months that the military, naval, and air forces of the said party have been brought into accordance with this treaty,

(a) They shall suspend the said party from all its rights under this treaty under such conditions as they shall think right;

(b) They may take any other measures which they may consider right, including a recommendation to the High Contracting Parties that penalties similar to those provided in Article 16 of the Covenant shall be put into force against the state whose armaments are in excess, that is to say that they will immediately subject it to the severance of all trade or financial relations, the prohibition of all intercourse between their nationals and the nationals of the covenant-breaking state, and the prevention of all financial, commercial, or personal intercourse between the nationals of the covenant-breaking state and the nationals of any other state, whether a member of the League or not, and that they will mutually support one another in the financial and economic measures which are taken under this Article, in order to minimize the loss and inconvenience resulting from the above measures.

11. If the Council by not less than a three-fourths majority is of opinion that the excess armaments maintained by any state constitute a danger to the High Contracting Party which has made an application in accordance with Article 8 hereof, the Council shall, at the request of such state, negotiate a supplementary treaty for the defense of the menaced High Contracting Party in accordance with the provisions of Articles 5 and 6.

IV. Provisions for Deciding which State is the Aggressor in Case of Attack

12. In the event of any of the High Contracting Parties becoming engaged in hostilities with any other state, whether a party to the treaty or not,

(a) It shall so inform the Secretary General of the League of Nations, who shall summon a meeting of the Council of the League without delay;

(b) It shall be the duty of the Council of the League, within four days at most from the date on which the Secretary General receives such information, to decide which of the states so engaged in hostilities has been the aggressor;

(c) Subject to any other consideration which the Council may think right to take into account, that state shall be considered to be the aggressor which has violated the territory of the other state.

13. The High Contracting Parties agree to accept the decision of the Council given in accordance with Article 13 and to take the measures necessary to fulfil their obligations under this treaty immediately this decision has been given.

V. Provisions for Military Assistance to be Given to a State which Has Actually Been Attacked

14. The High Contracting Parties undertake to cooperate in the manner set out hereafter against any state which the Council has decided, in accordance with Article 13 above, to have committed an act of aggression. The High Contracting Parties undertake to participate not only in measures undertaken for the defense of the party attacked, but also in the offensive measures required to reduce the aggressor state to submission.

15. The High Contracting Parties agree immediately to apply a complete economic and financial blockade, in accordance with

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Article 16 of the Covenant, against any state which the Council has decided to have committed an act of aggression.

16. The High Contracting Parties apart from and subject to any supplementary treaty concluded in accordance with Articles 5 or 12 above, agree to bring military assistance to any state which is attacked, in the following manner:

(a) The High Contracting Parties agree to accept the general military command of the general staff of any state to whom the Council may intrust a mandate to organize the military measures taken by the High Contracting Parties against an aggressor state, subject to any special conditions as regards the employment and safety of its troops which the High Contracting Parties concerned may desire to make.

(b) Each of the High Contracting Parties agrees to maintain at the disposal of such military command an agreed proportion, not being less than one-quarter (?) of its naval and air forces.

(c) The High Contracting Parties agree to utilize these naval and air forces in accordance either (1) with the instructions given by such military command as is appointed under Article 17a, or (2), pending such appointment, with plans prepared by the general staff of the state attacked.

(d) The High Contracting Parties agree to furnish further military help in addition to the naval and air forces referred to in (b) above, if they are requested by the Council to do so. Provided, however, that when any such request is made by the Council any High Contracting Party which is asked to furnish help shall sit as a member of the Council.

17. Nothing in this treaty shall oblige any of the High Contracting Parties not being a European state to furnish any military forces in Europe; or not being an American state, in America; or not being an Asiatic state, in Asia; or not being an African state, in Africa; provided that this article shall not apply to the naval forces mentioned in Article 17(b) above.

VI. Reparation and Other Provisions

18. The High Contracting Parties agree that the cost of any military operations undertaken in pursuance of this treaty, including reparation for any material damage committed in the course thereof, shall be borne,

(a) By the aggressor state, and

(b) So far as may be necessary by the High Contracting Parties in such proportions and in such manner as may be determined (by an impartial commission appointed for the purpose by the Council of the League of Nations acting by a majority) or (by the Permanent Court of International Justice).

19. Any member of the League, the United States, Germany, or Russia not being one of the signatories to this treaty may adhere to it by giving notice of adherence to the Secretary General of the League or to each of the High Contracting Parties. Any state may with the assent of the Council of the League or the High Contracting Parties adhere conditionally or to part only of the provisions of this treaty. Provided always that no such adherence shall be accepted unless the power so adhering has reduced or is ready to reduce its forces in accordance with the provisions of this treaty.

20. Nothing in this treaty shall be deemed to diminish or affect the provisions in the Covenant for maintaining the peace of the world.

21. Nothing in this treaty shall be deemed to alter or affect any provision of the treaties of peace signed at Versailles, St. Germain, Neuilly, and the Trianon, in 1919 and 1920.

22. Any question as to the meaning or effect of this treaty not being a question whether the naval, military, or air forces or preparations of any of the High Contracting Parties are in excess of those agreed to under the annex to this treaty, shall be referred to the Permanent Court of International Justice whose decision shall be final.

23. In this treaty the expression "military" shall include naval and air and, except where the context otherwise requires, the singular shall include the plural.

VII. Entry into Force of the Present Treaty

24. The High Contracting Parties agree that the scales of armament laid down for each of them in the annex hereto shall be subject to revision at the expiration of ten years from the date of the entry into force of this treaty.

25. This treaty shall be ratified by the deposit of ratifications with the Secretary General of the League of Nations at Geneva. As soon as it is ratified by certain Powers, that is to say:

In Europe by Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Russia, or by such four of them as shall first have ratified it;

In Asia by Japan and one other Power;

In America by the United States of America and one other Power; it shall come into force in respect of that continent provided always:

(a) That if any of the ratifying Powers mentioned in this Article by name shall not have reduced their armaments in accordance with the annex hereto within two years of the entry into force of the treaty, the treaty shall with regard to such Powers be null and void, and the other High Contracting Parties who have ratified it may at any time denounce it;

(b) That with respect to the High Contracting Parties the rights and obligations provided in Articles 1, 2, and 13-19 inclusive, of this treaty shall only come into force when the Council shall by a three-fourths majority certify that such High Contracting Party has reduced its armaments in accordance with the annex hereto, or has taken the necessary steps to secure that such reduction shall have been carried out within two years of the ratification of this treaty by such High Contracting Party.

(c) That in the case of any High Contracting Party which considers it is menaced and so informs the Secretary General in accordance with Article 6 and 8 of this treaty, the rights and obligations hereof shall be suspended, if it so desires, until the special supplementary treaty for its defense which it requests shall have entered into force.

December 19, 1922

The Intellectual Blockade of the Ruhr

THE following list of newspapers in the Rhineland and the Ruhr, suspended upon order by the French during the first month of occupation of the Ruhr, is published by the *Frankfurter Zeitung* of February 21:

January 15—The French Government in Bingen puts all outside newspapers under preliminary censorship. The *Bernkasteler Volkszeitung* is prohibited for three days because of publication of the appeal of the Democratic Party upon the anniversary of the foundation of the empire. The *Freie Presse* of Aix-la-Chapelle is suspended for three days.

January 19—The *Aachener Post* and *Aachener Allgemeine Zeitung* are suspended for three days for publication of the appeal of the Association of German Newspaper Publishers. The Catholic religious paper, *Paulinusblatt*, of Trèves, is suspended for three days.

January 21—The *Mainzer Anzeiger* and *Nassauer Bote* are suspended for three days.

January 23—The *Emser Zeitung*, *Obersteiner Neueste Nachrichten*, and the *Oeffentlicher Anzeiger* of Kreuznach, are suspended for three days.

January 24—The *Kreuznacher Generalanzeiger*, *Kreuznacher Volkszeitung*, and the *Sozialistische Volkszeitung* of Mainz are suspended for three days.

January 25—The *Aachener Post*, *Aachener Allgemeine Zeitung*, *Freie Presse* and the *Echo der Gegenwart*, the *Politisches Tageblatt* and *Volksblatt*, all of Aix-la-Chapelle, are prohibited for three days for publication of a resolution of the civil officials who expressed their determination to remain true to the empire. The production of Schiller's "Wilhelm Tell" is forbidden in Koblenz.

January 26—The *Dürener Zeitung* is barred for three days.

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JANUARY 27—The *Obersteiner Neueste Nachrichten* and the *Mainzer Anzeiger* are prohibited for ten days. The *Kreuznacher Zeitung* and the *Oeffentlicher Anzeiger*, of Kreuznach, for fifteen days; the *Trierer Landeszeitung* for ten days; the *Frankfurter Nachrichten* and the *Tag* of Berlin are barred from the occupied zone for a month, and the *Grosse Illustrierte Zeitung* for three months. The *Nassauer Bote* is barred a second time for three days, the *Stadt- und Landbote* of Monschau and the *Monschauer Volksblatt* for three days for publishing appeals of the civil officials.

JANUARY 28—The *Dürener Zeitung* is suspended for a second time for three days. The *Erkelenzer Zeitung* is suspended for three days and *Neue Wiesbadener Zeitung* for three days. Its managing editor is expelled. The *Mainzer Tageszeitung* is suspended for three days for publication of a protest by the aldermen against the arrest of the mayor. The *Eiffelzeitung* of Daun is put under a preliminary censorship and ordered by the French commissioner to print an article hostile to German sentiments and to the German officials.

JANUARY 29—The two papers of *Traben-Trarbach* are suspended for three months for publication of an appeal by the civil officials of the circuit of Zell, and the edition of the *Bitburger Zeitung* is seized and the paper suspended for three days, as is the *Lahnsteiner Tageblatt*.

JANUARY 30—The *Neue Wiesbadener Zeitung* is suspended for fifteen days. The *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Volkszeitung* are barred from the Belgian and French zones for nine days.

JANUARY 31—The circulation of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* in the occupied zone is prohibited for a month and of the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* for three months. The *Sozialistische Volkswacht* of Worms is suspended for ten days.

FEBRUARY 1—The *Koblenzer Volkszeitung*, *Koblenzer Zeitung*, *Koblenzer Generalanzeiger*, and the *Rheinische Warte* are suspended for three days for refusing to print an article libeling German civil officials, as ordered by the Rhineland Commission, and the *Rheinische Rundschau* is suspended for three days for declaring its solidarity with the Koblenz papers. The *Euskirchen Volksblatt*, *Krefelder Zeitung*, and *Kocher Volksblatt* are all suspended for three days.

FEBRUARY 3—The chief editors of all newspapers in Aix-la-Chapelle are condemned to fines running from 10,000 to 135,000 marks for refusing to print an article abusive of German officials. The circulation of the *Mannheimer Tageblatt* in the occupied territory is prohibited for three days and that of the *Nassauer Bote* is prohibited a third time for four days.

FEBRUARY 4—The *Mainzer Journal* and the *Mainzer Tageszeitung* are prohibited for three days because they published a German government note, and the *Pfälzische Merkur* is suspended for three days.

FEBRUARY 5—The *Koblenzer Zeitung*, the *Koblenzer Generalanzeiger*, the *Koblenzer Volkszeitung*, and the *Rheinische Warte* are suspended a second time for three days for publication of a note of the German Government.

What France Says Germany Paid

THE following statement of German reparation payments in 1922, taken from the *Temps*, the semi-official Paris daily, for March 16, 1923, is striking in view of the statements current about German refusal to pay.

The moratorium granted Germany by the Reparation Commission for the year 1922 reduced German obligations to 720 million gold marks in money and 1,450 million gold marks in kind—950 million to go to France and 500 to the other allies. The payments in money were made in full, in accordance with the decision of the Reparation Commission, to wit: (1) 450 million gold marks in approved foreign securities paid in ten day periods or month by month up to July 15; (2) for the five last instalments of August 15 to December 15, 270 million in

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German treasury bonds, payable in six months, from February 15 to June 15, 1923.

How far were the 1,450 million gold marks paid in kind? The Ministry of Foreign Affairs has just published a series of tables which give a partial answer. Germany was credited last year with deliveries in kind to a total of 681,173,154 gold marks, in virtue of, first, Annex 2, paragraphs 19 and 19b (goods for restoration of the devastated areas); second, Annex 3 (ships); third, Annex 4 (cattle, wood, materials, etc.); fourth, Annex 5 (coal, benzol, and sulphate of ammonia); fifth, Annex 6 (dyestuffs, chemicals, and drugs); sixth, the Bemelmans-Guntze (Belgian-German) agreement; seventh, the Gillet-Guntze (Franco-German) agreement; eighth, other sections. The total paid in these various categories was as follows:

	Gold Marks
Annex II	134,884,113
Annex III	41,233,493
Annex IV	66,783,081
Annex V	279,888,631
Annex VI	18,910,706
Bemelmans Agreement	7,088,354
Gillet Agreement	2,369,823
Other Sections	130,014,953

These payments in kind made by Germany last year were divided among the various Allied Powers as follows:

France	209,064,084
Great Britain	167,851,670
Jugoslavia	116,873,235
Italy	107,702,276
Belgium	65,645,990
Greece	4,519,519
Portugal	4,414,513
Rumania	2,102,698
Japan	489

The total of 2,998,680 gold marks is reserved, as representing the difference between the inland and the f.o.b. prices of coal.

Nine-tenths of the deliveries in kind made to France in 1922 consisted of the obligatory deliveries of coal, amounting to 181 of the 209 million gold marks delivered to her. These deliveries, to be sure, were 16 per cent below the program fixed by the Reparation Commission. France has taken advantage of the other sources of reparations in kind only to an almost insignificant extent. The Gillet agreement produced only 2,369,823 gold marks. Out of the 950 million gold marks to which we were entitled under the moratorium of 1922, we received only 209 million. Why? Did we ask more? And how much? The document under analysis does not tell us.

While the deliveries to France were less than one-quarter of the amount to which we were entitled by the inter-Allied agreements, the other Allied Powers received almost all that Germany owed them. . . . Great Britain and Jugoslavia absorbed more than was accorded them. . . .

The following table shows the total deliveries in kind to which each of the Allies was entitled during 1922 and what each of them received (in gold marks):

	Allotted Gold Marks	Received Gold Marks
France	950,000,000	209,064,084
Great Britain	120,000,000	167,851,670
Italy	146,154,000	107,702,276
Belgium	116,923,000	65,645,990
Jugoslavia	73,077,000	116,873,235
Rumania	16,077,000	2,102,698
Portugal	10,961,500	4,414,500
Greece	5,846,000	4,519,519
Japan	10,961,500	489

Thus France received only two-ninths of the reparations in kind to which she had a right. If one deducts the 181 millions received in coal, France received only 28 million gold marks out of the 769 millions in kind to which she was entitled.

BRIEF DRAWING

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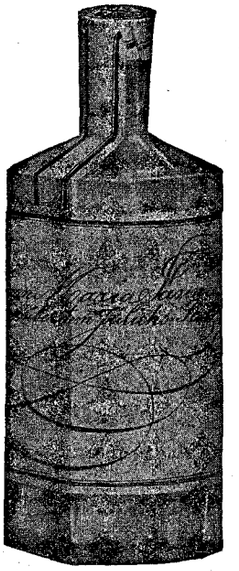

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